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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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"You Hoo, Prosperity"

THE *New York Times* last week prominently displayed on its first page a symposium from various publishers, followed by an editorial, in which it was stated that the book trade is rapidly climbing from a period of depression and that publishers and booksellers are almost ready to skip and sing like little hills together. Unfortunately as many publishers will testify, this is not so. The book business has been and is in bad shape, sales are generally poor, profits, if any, from the Spring are most unsatisfactory, book advertising in all the book periodicals (including the *Times*) has fallen off, there is general doubt and confusion as to whether the Fall (always an important season for the sale of books) will be any better than the disastrous Spring.

What *is* true, is something very different, though in fairness it should be said that the *Times* report refers to this also. There are good books coming. Those who have read the advance sheets will even say that there are extraordinarily good books coming, and very many of them already have begun to appear; "Shadows on the Rock," "The Colonel's Daughter," "All Passion Spent," "Susan Spray," "Albert Grope," "Alexanderplatz," Stuart Chase's "Mexico" are forerunners of many more, in non-fiction and fiction both. It is a buyer's market. It is a good year for readers if, so far, a bad year for publishers and booksellers. It is a year when more good books previously published can be picked up cheap than in recent memory. It is going to be a year when good books held back because of adverse conditions are to be released in a Fall season which will be a good season if the American public still cares to read and knows its opportunity.

The publishers have their own troubles, the chief of which is the lack of some successful method of distribution, a problem which, until it is solved, will inevitably handicap the book in America in the race with its dangerous rival the magazine. They have yet to learn how to distribute books as books—not as remainders, reprints, side lines in a drug store, or newsy bits worked off in the noise of a sensation. But the reader this Fall has no problem except the choice of what commodity he will buy to fill his priceless modicum of leisure, and satisfy the intellectual curiosities and the need for the creative stimulus of art, which in a matured civilization have always been, and will always be, best satisfied by books.

Publishers and public alike have been toying with the idea that there are substitutes for real books—fabricated volumes with the quick interest and short-lived value of the magazine, bottled tabloids, tiresome symposiums on anything that is in the news, mere sensationalism in current history, rewrites of biography. There are no substitutes, nor should there be any doubt as to what constitutes the good. As Mr. Geoffrey Faber, one of the most astute of English publishers recently said in these columns, "What other trade is there in the world so many-sided, with the power to engage so many different faculties and to perform so many different services to mankind? But in all the categories of publishing there is a standard—on the one side of it there is the general article, the honest book, on the other the imitation, the fake, the shoddy, insincere book. I would define our job, the job of booksellers and publishers alike, as that of giving the genuine article the best possible chance." The well informed purchaser will have no trouble this Autumn in finding the real thing. He has not yet begun to search for it, and the book business is bad. But the books are good.

Home Coming

By CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS

THE sharp wind whistled in the oaks
And shrilled about that hillside church;
It flayed the long hill-grass to the ground;
The bushes beat the churchyard wall.
It was a cold day to come home;
To come so far, as she had come.

She had come home; the window-panes
Gave all a sudden thump in the gale,
Our breath went out in puffs of cloud
And hung between the icy pews.
We listened to the kind old words
That take the bitterness from death.

She had come home; the frozen hill
That knew her step in winters gone
Was now to take her to its heart—
That mystic linkage to the land
Whereon the life plays out its rôle
Was now to be made consummate.

The grip of the New England soil—
We felt it tear us as we turned
And left her in the frosted earth;
And knew a rightness that at last
We should all come to lie at home
Within that bosom, staunch and cold.

This Week

"Life of Cardinal Newman."
Reviewed by JAMES ORRICK.

"Cleopatra."
Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER.

"The Correspondence of Jefferson and Dupont de Nemours."
Reviewed by CARL BECKER.

"All Passion Spent."
Reviewed by ROBERT HERRICK.

"Alexanderplatz, Berlin."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"S. S. San Pedro."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MCFEE.

"The Firemakers."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

Michael's Mount.
By ARTHUR COLTON.

Notes on Bermuda.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"The Scientific Outlook."
Reviewed by J. B. S. HALDANE.

To Teach and to Delight

By JOHN M. BERDAN
Yale University

WHAT surprising tricks that malicious lady, Fortune, can play with one's reputation may be seen by the fate of Giovanni Boccaccio. For three centuries he was reverenced as a poet and a scholar. In England his name was anglicized; just as one does not say Napoli, or Fiorenzi, or Petrarca, so it was John Bochas that Shakespeare's contemporaries read. But today his great poems are known only to scholars in search of source-material, and his encyclopedic complications are not read by anybody at all. All that remains of his lifework is a collection of light tales, banned by the American censor as obscene! *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Fortunately this ironical paradox need no longer be true. Last year Mr. Chubb brought out his careful study of Boccaccio's life and now Professor Osgood has translated and edited the fourteenth and fifteenth books of the "Genealogia Deorum,"* "the first defence of poesy in honor of his own by a poet of the modern world." At the request of King Hugo of Cyprus Boccaccio began a gazetteer of the gods of the heathen pantheon and the various interrelationships: it is the medieval equivalent of Bulfinch's "Age of Fable." And, although to the present reviewer King Hugo of Cyprus is the shadow of a shade, his desire for such a compilation is comprehensible enough. In 1350 the vast apparatus of scholarship was just coming into existence. Some one had to sort out the conflicting and contradictory myths as told by the different poets of antiquity, if possible reconcile them, and reduce them to some kind of order. At this task Boccaccio spent intermittently thirty years. In an age when all texts were in manuscript the amount of work required by the program is very great, and it is not surprising that the volume became a standard book of reference. Such is the "Genealogia Deorum."

But there are two additional factors that should be mentioned; the myths are usually told by the poets, and many of the relationships are, from a moral point of view, abominable. Apparently after Boccaccio had spent years of labor in completing thirteen sections of his book, doubts assailed him, whether the game was worth the candle; after all, when there were so many excellent Christian sermons to be had, why waste one's time over heatehen poetry? The objections to poetry are (I am quoting Professor Osgood's epitome) that poetry is naught, or at most a futile art; that poets are tellers of untrue stories; that they are rustics; that they are full of false, obscure, and absurd statements about the gods; that they are seducers to evil; that they are apes of the philosophers; that it is a crime to read them; that Plato banished them from the state; and that Boethius called the Muses drabs. These various and unequal propositions he takes up at length and triumphantly refutes them.

But what makes Boccaccio's refutation historically interesting is that he argues for an allegorical interpretation of all poems, because the basis of all literature is moral instruction. In very many cases—the "Aeneid," for example—such instruction is not obvious; therefore the skilful reader pierces beyond the veil of "cloudy figures" to reach the real aim of the poet. The more skillful the poet, the less is this hidden meaning apparent, and reading becomes a merry game of catch-as-catch-can. This conception is so

* BOCCACCIO ON POETRY—Being the Preface and the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Books of Boccaccio's "Genealogia Deorum Gentilium" in an English Version with an Introduction, Essay, and Commentary. By CHARLES G. OSGOOD. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1931. $5.

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far from our own that it is worth a moment's consideration. From this point of view Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" is not good; it requires no ability whatever on the reader's part to see what Tennyson means. And the "Idylls of the King" are not much better. Spenser, on the other hand, is very able; no one has yet been clever enough to explain parts of the "Faerie Queene." It must be remembered that in this conception of literature, obscurity is an asset; it is a veil that hides the moral instruction only from the inexpert. This is what Sidney means by "with this end to teach and to delight." Spenser constructs a vast moral allegory in the "Faerie Queene," and Milton puts on record his admiration for the moral teaching of it. Dryden, three hundred years after Boccaccio, affirms that poetry, at least dramatic poetry, exists "for the delight and instruction of mankind." Boccaccio's hare has run a long course.

Unfortunately at this point the hare has almost run its course. The following year, 1668, even Dryden weakened and confesses that "delight is the chief, if not the only end of poesie: instruction can be admitted but in the second place." From then on, teaching, instead of being considered as the primary end of the writer and the main object of the reader, becomes a nebulous deduction. The old formula still persists, usually cited by moralists that would be horrified if they knew that its origin is in Boccaccio, but it has been so extended that it is unrecognizable. Of course an intense soul can find a moral even in the most unlikely places, if in that consists your pleasure in reading. "Macbeth" may be interpreted as a great lesson, showing the unfortunate results that follow if we murder guests. At one time or another we have all been assailed by the temptation, and Shakespeare preaches self-restraint in five acts. Yet even in this form it continues only in the minds of censors and in centers of culture such as Boston and Philadelphia.

So, as the first great exposition of a famous literary theory," Boccaccio on Poetry" deserves most careful consideration. And it remains merely to add that Professor Osgood's edition, like all his work, is done with masterly completeness.

Southwest Chronicles

ADVENTURES IN THE SANTA FE TRADE. By JAMES JOSIAH WEBB. Glendale, Calif.: Arthur H. Clarke Co. 1931.

Reviewed by F. W. HODGE

American Museum of Natural History

AN undertaking as ambitious as it is important to the history of the Midwest and the Southwest is the proposed publication of The Southwest Historical Series in twelve octavo volumes (including an index volume) under the editorship of Dr. Ralph P. Bieber of Washington University, St. Louis. The series is to be composed of historical documents, hitherto unpublished or inaccessible, depicting social and economic conditions in the Southwest between the years 1821 and 1890. The specific subjects to be treated are the Santa Fe trail and trade; prairie life and travel; the life and character of the Mexicans, of trappers and traders, and of some of the Indian tribes of the territory to be covered; the Kearny and Doniphan expeditions during the Mexican war; the gold rush to California and Pike's Peak; frontier life in the Army after the American accession; exploration of routes of travel and communication; the Texas cattle trails and trade, etc.

Volume I of the series, being Adventures in the Santa Fe Trade, 1844-1847, by James Josiah Webb, has now appeared, and an excellent and informative volume it is. Entering the Santa Fe trade in the year that Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies" was first published, Webb during the next three years made most of this opportunities, and although he did not finally record his observations and experiences until more than forty years later, when nearing his last days on his estate at Hamden, Connecticut, his narration, rather than having suffered from the lapse of time, is replete with first-hand information pertaining to a period on which students have had only too few data. Dr. Bieber's bibliographical and interpretative notes add much to the value of the volume and forecast what the completed series gives every promise of becoming. Volume II will be "Frontier Life in the Army," by Eugene Bandel, a soldier in the Sixth United States Infantry during the decade preceding the Civil War, which doubtless will be of strong human interest by reason of its description of everyday routine life and surroundings.

Quick and Dead

THE POEMS OF WILFRED OWEN. A New Edition with Notes on his Life by EDMUND BLUNDEN. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $2.

THE CICADAS AND OTHER POEMS. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

FEW recent books simultaneously published present a greater contrast than these two. The contrast is not merely of technique (though the differences here are striking enough) nor in the choice of subject (for both revolve about emotionally simple rather than recondite or spectacular themes), but in aim and achievement. The one is a collection of thoughtful, accomplished minor verse; the other is a book of tortured, frustrated, but definitely major poetry.

There can be little doubt concerning the major accent; it leaps from the pages of Wilfred Owen's all-too-compact volume. Apart from the considerable and important experiments in broken rhythms and suspended rhyme, a major spirit is revealed in such poems as "Strange Meeting," with its dark music, "Apologia pro Poemate Meo," which once read can never be forgotten, the bitter and dramatic "Dulce et decorum est," and that magnificent sonnet "Anthem for Doomed Youth." It is a spirit at once modest and immovable from its standards; hesitant in argument, fearless in action; tender but not sentimental, noble without ostentation; accepting the endless brutality of war and the rare balm of poetry with equal serenity. It is this spirit that, in the midst of howling jingoism, made Owen cry, upon seeing a crucifix near the front:

> The scribes on all the people shove
> And bawl allegiance to the state,
> But they who love the greater love
> Lay down their life; they cannot hate.

He, too, laid down his life—ironically enough, because of someone else's blunder a few days before the armistice. Yet, though he never laid down his arms, he could write: "Already I have comprehended a light which never will filter into the dogma of any nation or church; namely one of Christ's essential commands was: Passivity at any price! Suffer dishonor and disgrace, but never resort to arms. Be bullied, be outraged, be killed; but do not kill."

I say nothing here about Owen's experiments in shifting vowels and rhyming consonants—Edmund Blunden, who writes the introduction, refers to the device as "para-rhyme"—except to say that Owen, at twenty-two, anticipated the English and American technicians who endeavor to bridge the intervals between smooth, round rhyme and rough assonance. More important are the facts that Owen, the most reticent as well as the most realistic of war-poets, was dead at twenty-five; that his one volume was posthumously published; and that, ten years after his small collection appeared, so great was the interest in his work, a larger edition was called for. Most important of all is the work he left. No one can hear the broken music of "Futility," or "The Unreturning," or "Arms and the Boy," or the "Apologia," that quivering reproach upon an organ-point of grief, without experiencing emotion unashamed. Such lines pronounce the sensitive youth who, next to Sassoon, became the most stirring and most authoritative poet of the war.

By contrast "The Cicadas and Other Poems" seems more mannered than it actually is. Yet, examined wholly in its own atmosphere, it lacks the intense awareness which its author, as novelist and essayist, seems always to be seeking. The earlier "Leda" presented Mr. Huxley as one of the most brilliant if not the boldest of the younger poets; the present volume displays him as an accomplished, even an academic versifier. Once in a while—notably in the title-poem and in "Orion"—he breaks away from tight patterns of thought and the approved poetic formula. But most of the volume proceeds from nothing more animating than a graceful nostalgia, an indefinite hunger which questions the very object of its desire. "Theatre of Varieties," "Caligula, or the Triumph of Virtue," "Arabia Infelix" are lyric in impulse, but they are songs accompanied by shrugs. Excellent lines punctuate the verse. But the mood too often is the mood of "Mediterranean."

> And yet for me who look on it how wide
> The world of mud to which my thoughts condemn
> This loathing vision of a sunken tide!
> The ebb is mine. Life to its lowest neap
> Withdrawn reveals that black and hideous shoal
> Where I lie stranded.

The caustic author of "Point Counter Point" would be the first to recognize the irony of the juxtaposition, though he might scarcely relish it: the agonized Owen, author of one small ten-year-old posthumous collection, is quick in death; while Huxley, author of some eighteen volumes, drags doubtfully through the midst of life.

America's Present State

AMERICA'S PRIMER. By MORRIS L. ARNST. Illustrated by WALTER COLE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. ERNST, or his publishers, showed very poor judgment in giving his book a title which suggests something totally different. There is no resemblance at all to "New Russia's Primer"; neither in style nor in make-up, in faults nor in merits. The Russian primer was an advertisement written by a man with a genius for simplification and dramatization, who felt no more need than any other advertising writer to be strictly candid either about his own goods or about those of his competitors. Grant that he believed every word he wrote; he was an adherent of and propagandist for a dogma, and could no more be expected to admit the faults in his own system, or the merits in those of others, than a bishop.

Mr. Ernst lacks Ilin's genius and his evangelistic zeal; but his approach is objective, not dogmatic, and his conclusions more trustworthy if less exciting. (Though a recurrent carelessness in dealing with statistics leaves a number of openings for hostile critics.) He has written a summary of the present state of America as it seems to a middle-of-the-road liberal who thinks we need a national plan; but he offers no plan of his own and is content to let the need appear, for the most part, by implication. And his only reference to the Russian primer is to point out that Ilin's famous parable of Mr. Fox, Mr. Box, Mr. Crox, and Mr. Nox who ruined the hat business by competitive overproduction is only half true; in actual fact Fox, Box, Crox, and Nox go into a merger to limit production and maintain prices. One must fear that Ernst's book will never sell like Ilin's; who wants to read a man who would spoil a good story simply because it does not happen to accord with the facts?

People who worry about the state of the nation are already familiar with the details Mr. Ernst sets forth; the chief value of his book is in bringing enough of them together to prove certain things that most of us overlook. Mr. Hoover boasts, and the advocates of planning complain, that this is the land of sturdy, self-reliant individualism. But "we are living in an era of clash between our faiths, which sound workable in the long run, and daily life, which is not lived in the long run." We talk individualism but in practice we modify it; by mergers, by the price fixing of trade associations, by racketeering—the honest racketeer, Mr. Ernst points out, who actually gives the economic protection for which he is paid, is essentially not very different in his objectives and his methods from the chain store—by regulation of public utilities which unfortunately (by the guaranteed-return doctrine) puts a premium on inefficiency and overcapitalization, by insurance which "increases the gambling spirit" because the careful people pay the losses of the reckless. In short, we think we favor unrestricted competition; actually we favor it only in the other fellow's business, not in our own. With so much interference with competition, so much "planning" that goes only half way, to serve limited interests, the step to a coherent national plan in the general interest is not so broad and hazardous as most people think.

One reason so many are reluctant to take it is suggested in Mr. Ernst's epilogue: "It is the impression of many that a plan for Things must carry as a corollary a plan for Ideas. . . The lid must come down heavily on any and all ideas that run counter to the plan of the moment. Apparently we prefer the suffering and misery of economic chaos." So we do, even most of us who want a plan. But of course things could be planned without any interference with ideas; indeed if we have learned anything from the history of prohibition it is that no plan is likely to work unless it is voluntarily accepted by the majority, and left flexible enough to permit alteration if it works badly. Mr. Ernst's book ought to make some converts for the good cause.

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Newman

LIFE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN. By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $2.50.

THE FINE GOLD OF NEWMAN. Selected by JOSEPH J. REILLY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES ORRICK

WHEN Cardinal Newman died, James Russell Lowell, as Dr. Atkins reminds us in the latest biography of Newman, wrote of him to Miss Norton: ". . . a beautiful old man, as I remember him, but surely a futile life if ever there was one, trying to make a past unreality supply the place of a present one that was becoming past, and forgetting that God is always 'I am' and never 'I was.' He will be remembered chiefly by his 'Lead Kindly Light' . . . "

That books on Newman continue to appear bears witness to the fascination which he still exercises over our minds; that Dr. Atkins is at some pains to justify, and not with entire success, the inclusion of a Life of Newman in a series of "Creative Lives" is evidence that his fascination has not wholly prevented some misgivings even on the part of his admirers. They are of all sorts and conditions of men, and admire him for varied reasons. To those who are still given to a fondness for hymns, he is remembered, as Lowell predicted, as the author of "Lead Kindly Light." In the Anglican Church he is irrevocably associated with the founding of the movement first called the Oxford Movement and now, after a hundred years during which it has seemingly not lost strength, the Anglo-Catholic Movement. The importance attributed to him by the Roman Catholic Church is shown, as Dr. Atkins points out, by the numerous Newman Societies existing throughout the English-speaking countries. To lovers of literature he is one of the greatest masters of English prose—perhaps, with Swift who is so different, one of the two greatest. And all who are interested in the development of human personality still read and ponder his "Idea of a University."

To a smaller band John Henry Newman speaks with yet another—and closer voice. "Newman alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations," Matthew Arnold once said, "conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment which this exquisite place conveys." It is still true, in spite of the changes of fifty years and in a generation whose interest in St. Mary's Church is almost purely architectural, that one cannot think of Newman without thinking of Oxford. Historically Dr. Atkins is fully aware of this (although he twice misquotes Matthew Arnold's remark about "the last enchantments of the Middle Age"; he will have it "Middle Ages," contrary to Arnold's habitual—and characteristic—usage). Dr. Atkins quite naturally gives full weight to the all-important influence of Oxford in Newman's life. But we might go a step further. By tracing Newman's influence on Oxford, apart from Anglo-Catholicism which is only one aspect of it, from Matthew Arnold himself to Walter Pater through Oscar Wilde down to post-war Oxford, we might perceive the fundamental nature of Newman's attitude. He undertook to solve an intellectual and moral conflict by an emotional anodyne. For this, "There are," if we may apply a sentence from his "Apologia," "but two alternatives, the way to Rome, and the way to atheism"—or let us say, paganism. "Who," asks Arnold, "could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful?" But not to resist meant the abandonment of intellectual integrity; and Matthew Arnold himself did not escape, although he went on to say of Newman: "He has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds today, a solution, which, to speak frankly, is impossible."

Dr. Atkins, whose fine study of Newman is marred only by occasional lapses into a familiarity of style which does not seem altogether in keeping with the dignity of his subject, seems to feel this too. "The action of his mind," he says, "was never at any period entirely free. From 1833 to 1845 Newman's mind was in bonds to the travail of his emotional nature, from 1845 until his death it was in submission to the controlling temper of the Communion of his choice."

The impression of lack of freedom, of veiled limitation, of subtle begging of the question is deepened by Dr. Reilly's anthology, "The Fine Gold of Newman." From these musical and telling passages one carries away the feeling that Newman is nevertheless essentially an apologist, forever unable, or unwilling, to face the issue. As Dr. Atkins says, "The adjective subtle ought not to be overworked but nothing else does in dealing with Newman's mind in some of its processes, unless one substitute cloudy." He caused to have written on his gravestone—"Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem." One cannot but feel, however, that his advance was from one set of shadows and pictures to another—more beautiful perhaps, but shadows still.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

See next page.

Age Cannot Stale

CLEOPATRA: A ROYAL VOLUPTUARY. By OSKAR VON WERTHEIMER. Translated by HUNTLEY PATTERSON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER

PERHAPS it was the publishers who suggested its subtitle, for the author had evidently no desire to make this book sensational. No one could write of Cleopatra and avoid the fact that she was a voluptuary, but, instead of accentuating that side of the picture, Von Wertheimer takes care to keep it in its proper proportion. What he has written is less a biography than a very able history of the times, with especial emphasis on the role of Cleopatra. The introductory chapters dealing with Alexandria, her capital, and the Ptolemies, her ancestors, give a full and accurate background for the drama whose heroes are successively Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, and Augustus. So far as possible the Egyptian point of view is maintained throughout, but there are many episodes where the Queen drops out of sight entirely and the author follows the fortunes of his hero.

This is particularly true in the first half of the book where Julius Cæsar is the dominant figure. He was undoubtedly influenced by Cleopatra, but there is no attempt to pretend that he was subservient to her. During the period while she was living in Rome we know next to nothing about her and the author has wisely left her in her historic obscurity and turned his attention to the triumph and the death of Cæsar. Here he shows an admirable breadth and impartiality, achieving a very fair estimate of the characters and accomplishments of Cæsar's opponents and supporters alike. It is a rare thing in any book to find Cæsar and Cicero treated with equal understanding. It is perhaps rarer still to have the vices of both parties exposed with no attempt to make them appear more important than their virtues.

When Antony becomes the central figure the importance of Cleopatra naturally increases. Here again we have reasoned judgment rather than hyperbole, but the unimpassioned account of how the menace to Rome grew in the east is much more telling than any striving for effect in details. The character of Antony is excellently portrayed—his courage and immense vitality, his essential coarseness, his inability to handle great situations, his devotion to Cleopatra and entire reliance on her. One wonders if she was really more gifted than some of her predecessors, Ptolemy I.'s daughter Arsinöl, for example. She certainly showed great capacity for intrigue and twice reached a position where she was almost mistress of the Roman world. But the fatal campaign of 31 B. C., culminating in her flight from Actium, is hard to explain to the credit of her genius. Yet whatever claims other women of her race might put forward to equal abilities, none of them ever had equal opportunity, and the combination of her unquestionable talents for ruling, with the circumstances which brought first Cæsar and then Antony within her orbit, made her more powerful as well as more famous than any of her ancestors. Judging after the event we are wont to think of her as the center of an episode whose outcome was a foregone conclusion, but any reader of Horace knows how real was the peril in the minds of her contemporaries.

Mr. Patterson's book is illustrated with photographs which add distinctly to its interest. The style of the translation is smooth though a trifle pedestrian. Altogether it is a book to be highly recommended to anyone interested in Roman antiquity.

Unpublished Documents

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JEFFERSON AND DU PONT DE NEMOURS. By GILBERT CHINARD. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 1931. $7.50.

Reviewed by CARL BECKER

OF the printing of books there is no end, nor do I say that there should be; but of the printing, in deluxe editions, by university presses, of ordinary historical documents not otherwise available except in archives, there should be an end. The present work is part of a series entitled "The Johns Hopkins Studies in International Thought." Professor Chinard contributes an introduction of 123 pages, the letters, unabridged and including many brief notes of no real value, give us an additional 293 pages—all of which, if printed on ordinary paper and in ordinary type, might have been contained in a light, handy volume selling for, say $2.50. The volume is in fact listed at $7.50; and no wonder, considering the quality of paper used an the other evidences of conspicuous waste that stri the eye. Perhaps it should be a source of peculiar gra ification to me to possess of the *"huit cents exemplaires"* printed *"sur papier pur fil Lafuma, exemplaire No.* 279." In truth the number doesn't so much matter; but I am glad indeed to possess any copy of the work since it is of use to me; and no one, if I can prevent it, will ever deprive me of *exemplaire No.* 279, because, being but a professor and a poor man, this copy is, so far as I am concerned, irreplaceable. I can't afford $7.50 for a few (relatively few) letters of Jefferson and Du Pont de Nemours, valuable as some of them are, even when they are so admirably and fully (perhaps too fully) introduced and explained and vouched for by Professor Chinard; and I dare say that most of the people to whom the letters would be of real use are in the same boat. It's a pity—I mean it's a pity that a university press, having decided to make unpublished historical documents available, shouldn't have made them as available as possible to the people who need them.

Well, anyway, securely possessed, by whatever unexpected and charitable generosity, of a copy (*exemplaire No.* 279) of this book, I find its contents highly interesting for several reasons. If I were an "American historian," primarily interested in what are called the "principal events" of American history, the letters would interest me chiefly for the new light they throw on the Louisiana purchase—on Jefferson's valiant American imperialism, his determination to prevent France from recovering her American empire, and the skilful use he made of his friend Du Pont in attaining his object. If, wishing to write a life of Du Pont, I were on the still hunt for all the "facts," I should eagerly welcome the information to be found in the letters concerning the latter years of his career, concerning his two visits to America particularly: it is certainly one of the chief merits of Professor Chinard's introduction to have reconstructed, "somewhat sketchily the story of Du Pont's American venture." But it happens that I am less interested in what Jefferson and Du Pont did than in what they thought about what they did and had done and proposed to do. From this point of view there is very little to be found in the letters that is strictly new: the letters merely confirm what is already known about the ideas of Jefferson and Du Pont, their chief merit being to provide fresh and

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often excellent examples of that type of thought which we associate with the *philosophies*.

Like many another Frenchman, Du Pont hoped to advance his worldly fortunes by acquiring land in the new world—in "a beautiful valley above the Shenandoah." Besides the advantage of growing rich (no, not rich—"prosperous" is the word) in Arcady, who could resist the pleasure of owning land in "a country where liberty, security, and independence really exist," of dwelling with a "nation serious, industrious, prosperous, naturally friendly to my country and knowing no idol except law?" A country moreover where lived his friend Jefferson, true philosopher and friend of humanity. It was of course inevitable, in view of this delightful prospect, that Du Pont should write to Jefferson: "*Je me flatte d'y retrouver votre durable amitié et le secours de vos lumières.*" Lumières, oh yes! How familiar it all is. How enlightened they all were—too enlightened. There was really too much illumination in the eighteenth century, the light was really too strong—too strong apparently for Frenchmen ever to see the Shenandoah valley quite as it was. However much money they might part with for the benefit of unscrupulous American promoters, it was necessary for their peace of mind to see the Shenandoah as "beautiful," and America as the happy land where the people know "no other idol except law." Why it was necessary for so many Europeans to see America in this bright, distorting light is a question to which some answer must be found by those who would understand the revolutionary age of the eighteenth century.

* * *

No very satisfactory answer to this question is likely to be forthcoming until one has disengaged, or at least attempted to disengage, those underlying and largely unconscious prepossessions that so largely determined the surface thinking of the time. It has long been a favorite pastime of those who interest themselves in the history of culture to note the transfer of ideas (as if it were no more than a matter of borrowed coins) from one writer to another: to show, for example, that Mr. Jones must have got a certain idea from Mr. Smith because he had read, or might have read, Mr. Smith's book. In this connection Professor Chinard has some pertinent things to say. He rightly protests against a loose and undiscriminating use of the word "influence" and points out that, by employing the deadly parallel column, it would be easy to "prove" that Jefferson was "influenced" by the Physiocrats: all that is lacking is any evidence that Jefferson had, before going to France, "heard much about the physiocrats." In the same way it would be possible to prove that the youthful John Adams was paraphrasing Rousseau except for the fact that the paraphrasing occurred before Adams could conceivably, save for some extraordinary chance of which we know nothing, have heard of Rousseau. What has to be accounted for is the fact that at certain times, in a certain "climate of opinion," a few stock ideas, master phrases, win the assent of so many men in different countries whether they have read each other's writings or not.

Professor Chinard recognizes this interesting fact. "There are times," he says, "when ideas 'are in the air,' when they seem to be common property." I doubt if there are any times when this is not true, but perhaps it was especially true of the eighteenth century; and Professor Chinard makes his point in the following passage:

> That man cannot exist without some form of society; . . . that the number of laws should be kept down to a minimum and that the more laws the worse the government; that education . . . is the true foundation of liberty and representative government; that standing armies constitute a danger . . .; that all religious convictions or absence of religious convictions ought not only to be tolerated but respected; that men should be free to express themselves *viva voce* or in writing; . . . that an agricultural state is preferable to an industrial state, and that all virtues as well as all riches come from the soil; that as few obstructions as possible ought to be placed in the natural flow of trade—are not these principles the very essence of Jeffersonian democracy? And yet not a single one of them is taken from his speeches or letters; the list . . . is entirely made up of quotations from Du Pont de Nemours and his master Quesnay.

Having recognized this fundamental similarity between Jefferson and Du Pont, Professor Chinard fails to keep it in mind sufficiently. He is impressed by the "differences in temperament and doctrine" revealed in the letters—so much so that we are invited to believe, in spite of the above passage, that the letters reveal "two entirely different conceptions of society, two entirely different conceptions of democratic or representative government." How can this be true if, as Professor Chinard has just taken pains to demonstrate, Jefferson's conception of society and government was fundamentally the same as that of Du Pont?

The answer is that it cannot be true. One has only to read the letters to realize that the differences between Jefferson and Du Pont were superficial. And indeed how, were it otherwise, could the correspondence have been kept alive? It is very rare that two people with "entirely different conceptions" maintain a lively correspondence over a long period of years: it is only when there is something important to discuss that they can keep on writing, and it is only when they are in fundamental agreement that they can differ to any purpose. This is what makes majority government by the party system possible. The differences between Jefferson and Du Pont were of the same kind as those between the Conservative and the Liberal parties, or those between the Democrats and the Republicans. We may say of Jefferson and Du Pont, as Carlyle said of himself and Sterling, that although they argued copiously they were, except in opinion, not divided.

Transvaluation of All Values

ALL PASSION SPENT. By V. Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Robert Herrick

THIS pleasant parable of the aged may well be enjoyed by many persons who would shrink from applying its conclusions literally to their own lives, as is the fate with many parables. An old woman with children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren having been liberated at eighty-eight from custom and routine by the death of her eminent husband resolves to live the remaining time allotted to her according to her inner light, not in deference to the beliefs and the conveniences of others. Deborah, Lady Slane, thus makes her demonstration of independence to her assembled family:

> I have considered the eyes of the world for so long that I think it is time I had a little holiday from them. If one is not to please oneself in old age, when is one to please oneself? . . . I am going to become completely self-indulgent. I am going to wallow in old age. No grandchildren. They are too young. Not one of them has reached forty-five. No great-grandchildren either; that would be worse. I want no strenuous young people, who are not content with doing a thing, but must needs know why they do it. And I don't want them bringing their children to see me, for it would only remind me of the terrible effort the poor creatures will have to make before they reach the end of their lives in safety.

So she withdraws with her old French maid to a small suburban house on which she had set her eyes thirty years before (which has been miraculously kept waiting for her!) to contemplate the tiresome past, filled with so much that had always been alien to her spirit, and to enjoy undisturbed by importunities the luxury of perception. For as her magical landlord tells her:

> The world, Lady Slane, is pitiably horrible. It is horrible because it is based upon competitive struggle—and really one does not know whether to call the basis of that struggle a convention or a necessity. Is it some extraordinary delusion, or is it a law of life? Is it perhaps an animal law from which civilization may eventually free us? At present it seems to me, Lady Slane, that man has founded all his calculations upon a mathematical system fundamentally false. His sums work out right for his own purposes . . . Judged by other laws, though the answers would remain correct, the premises would appear merely crazy; ingenious enough, but crazy. . . .
>
> "Then you think," said Lady Slane . . . "That anyone who goes against this extraordinary delusion is helping civilization on?"
>
> "I do, Lady Slane; most certainly I do. But in a world as at present constituted, it is a luxury that only poets can afford, or people advanced in age."

With this luxury of calm understanding, in sunny solitude, Lady Slane reviews her marriage, her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and recognizes the supreme renunciation of purpose that life has constrained her to. For she no longer believes that woman's one purpose is to perpetuate the race. Into her solitude comes a forgotten chance acquaintance of her younger married life; their memories, slight as they are and unsentimental, reveal even more clearly to the old woman the ghostly life she has led.

At the end comes a great-granddaughter, another Deborah Slade, to commune with her.

> They talked for a while longer, but Deborah, feeling herself folded into peace and sympathy, noticed that her great-grandmother's mind wandered a little into some maze of confusion to which Deborah held no guiding thread . . . At moments she appeared to be talking about herself, then recalled her wits, and with pathetic clumsiness tried to cover up the slip, rousing herself to speak eagerly of the girl's future, not of some event which had gone wrong in the distant past. Deborah was too profoundly lulled and happy to wonder much what that event could be. This hour of union with the old woman soothed her like music, like chords lightly touched in the evening, with the shadows closing and the moths bruising beyond an open window . . . The hurly-burly receded; the clangor was stilled; her grandfather and her great-aunt Carrie lost their angular importance and shrivelled to little gesticulating puppets with parchment faces and silly wavering hands; other values rose up like great archangels in the room, and towered and spread their wings.

Thus the old woman dies, leaving behind her the young Deborah imbued with her spirit. It is exquisite, much of it, both in perception and in expression, even if details of the parable are often mechanical, mere abstractions (plain pastiche here and there), even if—which is more to the point—this wisdom of old age may be nothing more than the fading of the tints of the flower, which once indicated vitality! Nevertheless "All Passion Spent" gives one something to think upon, which is faster than fiction, than life itself. Does this mood of transvaluation of the ancient material values of civilization, which appears these days especially in the work of younger English writers, foretell the doom of our race? For the spirit of "All Passion Spent" would never fight another great war nor spend itself to maintain the integrity of the pound sterling!

"Dying in his sixty-fourth year," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "Arnold Bennett may be said to have brought down a little the average in recent times for the English novelists. It was set very high by Hardy and Meredith, and Hall Caine just died at seventy-eight. Conrad also passed Arnold Bennett's figure. Farther back the average falls considerably. Dickens died at fifty-eight and Thackeray at fifty-two. Scott just reached the sixties, Collins went half-way through them, and George Eliot died at sixty-one. Charles Kingsley brings the average down again by dying at fifty-five. Anthony Trollope's enormous output closed at the age of sixty-seven, and Charles Reade just failed to reach seventy. One of the longest-lived of the mid-Victorian novelists was Charlotte Yonge, who died in her seventy-eighth year, but Mrs. Gaskell died at fifty-five."

The League of Nations is now the largest publishing house in Switzerland, and in the last ten years has published about 3,000 documents and reports, and its library has become indispensable to students of international affairs. America is the best customer for League literature and Great Britain next.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

ALL PASSION SPENT. By V. Sackville West. *Doubleday, Doran.*

A study of old age in reminiscence over its past, exerting its independence of the present, written with delicacy and precision, and happy in its materialization of character.

THE DOCTOR EXPLAINS. By Ralph Major. *Knopf.*

An explanation of common medical phenomena, adapted to the interest of the layman.

THE BIG BONANZA. By C. B. Glasscock. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

Vivid pages from the history of the Far West—a chronicle of the Comstock Lode which makes interesting Americana.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Franz Biberkopf Returns

ALEXANDERPLATZ: BERLIN. By ALFRED DÖBLIN. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. Two vols. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

ALEXANDERPLATZ, Berlin, is not a region frequented by tourists. Nor do we have "places" in the German or French fashion. But the connotations of the neighborhood to which Franz Biberkopf came back after serving time in Tegel prison, may be well enough suggested by some such American phrase as "Gas House District" or "south of the tracks." Not the underworld, precisely, in the specific sense in which that word is applied in the theatre, but a netherworld, nevertheless; beneath the more or less decorative capitalistic upper crust, yet not a part of the productive level of regimented mill hands and almost sentient machines.

There are plenty of Biberkopfs in any modern world city—husky, headstrong, young mavericks, saved by the machine from the savage's necessity of spending most of his strength and cunning in running down mere food, yet unbroken to the machine, and living, in a world of rectilinear brick canyons, a savage's life of animal impulse. Our own gunmen and bootleggers, for instance.

Döblin's manner is similar to that employed in the play, "Beggar on Horseback," a few years ago. The objective incident; the thoughts, conscious or subconscious, of the actors in it; all sorts of overtones and undertones of the environment, are, so to say, sprayed on the printed page. The resulting epic, symphony, or whatever you choose to call it, resembles a musical composition in which countless more or less related *motifs* keep running in and out of the main theme. We follow the story of Franz Biberkopf — mechanic, ex-convict, news-dealer, pimp, "fence," etc.,—and at the same time we swim or are swept along in the stream of so-called civilization as viewed in this post-war year from the Alexanderplatz, Berlin.

Of straightaway narrative, in the old-fashioned sense, there is no more than a trace. Scarcely so much as a paragraph which the reader can lazily let slip into one eye and out the other, as a man in a train idly watches the telegraph posts slip by, confident that the train is on a straight track, proceeding in one direction, and that presently he will get to Chicago. Biberkopf doesn't leave point "A," thread his way through traffic "B," and arrive at café "C."

As he steps out of "A," vague reveries drifting through his consciousness are thrown into indirect discourse and onto the page without quotation marks or other explanatory bridge. The impact of the traffic may be conveyed by quotations from popular statistics, a snatch from "Die Wacht am Rhein," or sing-song phrases from stock market reports. The sentimental pang given him by the sight of his girl in the coffee-house window may not be mentioned but simply hinted at by quoting the refrain from some syrupy popular ballad. And possibly Biberkopf doesn't arrive, objectively, at the café; we simply find ourselves there by jumping forward into the similarly suggested mood of the place itself.

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To tell a story in these constantly shifting splashes of color without becoming formless and incoherent; to create and maintain outline, not by the direct process of drawing the outline itself, but by defining it as a painter sometimes does by filling in its background up to the edges of the object itself, takes some doing, plainly. It may, and in "Alexanderplatz" it frequently does, ascend to a breadth and richness not usually obtained by the simpler linear method. And it may descend to a mere irritating affectation and trick.

This latter danger is inherent in any such "free," modernistic style. If you get the impression of something bigger and richer than usual, why then you get it; and it is only fair to say that the author himself has given it to you. But there always lurks the suspicion that the author's splashing shorthand may be due to his inability clearly to isolate just what he wants to say; that out of the multiplicity of symbols, strewn across the page, hit or miss, the reader makes (if he does make it) his own drama—that the thing, in short, isn't as good as it seems.

Another drawback, also inherent in "Alexanderplatz," is the difficulty of translation. Here is a novel crowded with the peculiar nuances of a certain *milieu* in a certain European capital. You translate its slang and colloquial style "into the American." But *whose* "American"? Nothing so local and ephemeral as slang. A wise-crack starts on Broadway, let us say. By the time it enters the humorous vocabulary of some English instructor at the University of Oregon, the Manhattan cockney who invented it regards its repetition as good excuse for homicide. Mr. Eugene Jolas has done a good job of transcription, but in a novel depending as much as this does on localisms even the best job is only approximate.

Nothwithstanding this petty irritation of occasional colloquialisms which don't happen to be just one's own pet short-cuts for this year of grace, and the bigger hurdle of Dr. Döblin's fundamental manner, the things "gets" you, nevertheless. However tricky this way of writing may seem, it would appear to be the author's natural manner, and he handles it with astonishing brilliance, flexibility, authority. Biberkopf himself doesn't emerge very clearly. Possibly he is less an individual than a sort of focus for the swirling gale of forces, sights, sounds, smells, instincts, mass moods, which beat round him. There is constant surprise, a kind of superior impudence, sardonic mockery of all sorts of routine attitudes, the air of looking down, with a curious combination of lively interest and scientific disillusion, on the whole human show. Whatever your incidental quarrels with it, "Alexanderplatz" gets under the skin; gets through to the real thing.

Tabloidia

GUYS AND DOLLS. By DAMON RUNYON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1931. $2.

MR. RUNYON is said to know more about Broadway than any other man in the world, and he certainly knows a great deal. In addition, he knows his O. Henry and his Ring Lardner. He has borrowed something of technique from the one, and something of accent from the other—and in view of his materials, they are good models to use. The result is a volume which does as much to illuminate Tabloidia as any in print. For it is the world behind the tabloid headlines, the world behind secret doors in or near Broadway in the region between Thirty-fifth and Fifty-fifth, with which it deals.

Part of the effectiveness of these stories (when they are effective, which is about half the time) lies in the contrast between materials and method. They are light-hearted and kindly stories about a very serious and savage community. They deal with the rottenest, meanest, and cruelest fringe of American civilization, and extract a good deal of genuine humor and some real fineness of feeling from apparently hopeless data. The people here are racketeers, five-notch gangsters, pimps, prostitutes, gamblers, and managers of speakeasies and night-clubs. Some of them are replicas of people walking Broadway today, easily identified by anyone acquainted with New York night-life. Two or three of the principal characters are men who, like Rosenthal, left Broadway suddenly and violently. Nearly everyone carries a rod or a shiv—a gun or a knife—and they need no lessons from Chicago in using them. Chorus girls, a newspaper columnist or two, and some mere men about town furnish the respectable element; sometimes not very respectable at that.

Nearly all of Mr. Runyon's stories are ingenious. Most of them are ingenious and cheap; a few are ingenious and good. Perhaps the best, for its humor, kindliness, and surprise, is the tale called "Butch Minds the Baby." Butch is a reformed burglar, who has married and is devoted to his baby. An irresistible opportunity to crack a rich safe coincides with the absence of his wife from home and the necessity of taking the baby wherever he goes; and when the police appear on the scene the baby saves him. Almost equally good is "The Brain Goes Home." The Brain is the top racketeer; he has a variety of "dolls" or mistresses; and when he is finally shot down, they all shut their doors on him. The story tells where he found refuge, and how he repaid the cold-hearted ladies. Something also can be said for the humor of "The Bloodhounds of Broadway," a tale of a Southerner stranded in New York with his beloved hounds. They are used to track down a criminal, with surprising results. Unfortunately, the ingenuity in most of the other stories is in direct ratio with their incredibility. They startle or amuse, but they are frankly impossible.

If anyone puts the book on a shelf for future reference, it will be because he values the slang. Mr. Runyon must rank as the best living authority on Broadwayese. Some may dispute his knowledge of the people, but none can deny that he knows precisely how they talk. And what talk they do use! It is worthy of a permanent record, and long after interest in the author's rather thin tales has evaporated, his book may be referred to as a repository of the cant, the lingo, the rich and varied phraseology of a class with whom language, like crime, is a debased but well-cultivated art.

Stephen Crane Redivivus

S. S. SAN PEDRO. By JAMES GOULD COZZENS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MCFEE

IT may be true, as the publishers state with due solemnity in their jacket announcement, that "S. S. San Pedro" represents a neglected form of fiction, the short novel. But even if we admit that the book is truly a novel, whose is the fault? The great masters of fiction, including Anatole France, Joseph Conrad, Thomas Mann, and Leo Tolstoy, to name a few, never neglected it. Hoffmann, Chateaubriand, and Prosper Merimée did not neglect it. Nor did Stephen Crane.

The answer, of course, is that the publishers and editors, in their solicitude for the supposed taste of the public, have steadily refused to have anything to do with the short novel. Most editors would shake their heads over a manuscript of the length of the "S. S. San Pedro," which is 23,000 words. There is not an author now practicing who has not been told, at some period of his career, that 25,000 words is "a very awkward length." As he has his living to earn, he either compresses his book into a short story or expands it into a standard novel. If publishers want short novels they will find many authors eager to supply them. Whether the public will buy them is another question, not easily answered.

"S. S. San Pedro" is based on the loss of the Lamport and Holt liner *Vestris* in November, 1928. Indeed, Mr. Cozzens has so boldly novelized the last fatal voyage of that ship that he has dispensed with any inventions of his own save that of the sinister Dr. Percival, who mysteriously visits the ship on sailing morning. Dr. Percival, the black-garbed symbol of Death, is shown round the S. S. *San Pedro* by Mr. Anthony Bradell, senior second officer. H goes ashore before the ship sails, leaving a bad im pression upon every one who has seen him.

This strange hypothesis, that Death had marked the captain for his own, that only sickness could account for the actions of a commander under the well-known circumstances of the lost liner, is Mr. Cozzens's own contribution to the literature of the subject. Mr. Cozzens may object that his book is to be judged as fiction, and not as a commentary upon any actual sea happenings. But everybody who is likely to read "S. S. San Pedro" has already read a great deal about S. S. *Vestris*, and it is merely human nature to compare two narratives so strangely similar. Only the psychology of the present story seems at times not entirely adequate to account for what happened.

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Mr. Cozzens, after "Son of Perdition," that very remarkable novel of the Cuban cane fields, was expected to follow a line of his own. He gave us the impression that Stephen Crane was his literary forebear. In "S. S. San Pedro" the impression is even stronger that Crane's method of artistry has a new and interesting practitioner. There is in this story of the sea an almost aggressive masculinity, both in style and tempo, reminiscent of Crane's "The Open Boat." The characters have a peculiar vitality of their own, without being (to a seafaring reviewer) particularly lifelike. This is probably as near genius as a writer in our time can attain. It is a bizarre world, this of James Gould Cozzens, and there are times when we, his admirers, become excited as to what he may do. This little book may widen his fame, but it is not an artistic advance on "Son of Perdition." Mr. Cozzens is (to put it bluntly) out of his depth in parts of "S. S. San Pedro." Most of his technical detail is sufficiently vague to elude criticism. Some of it is incomprehensible to the professional. The conversation between the captain, the second officer, and the chief engineer about the list in the ship, is unconvincing. What the second officer was doing there, instead of the chief officer and the carpenter, nobody informs us. And two or three automobiles weighing a ton and a half each, would not make much difference to the trim of a seventeen-thousand-ton ship, even if they did shift in the'tween-decks.

These are irrelevant quibblings, however, when we consider how little masculine writing is being done

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nowadays. "S. S. San Pedro" is a strong, starkly designed book, full of elemental vigor, and almost free from that spurious sentimentality which afflicts so many sea writers.

Caught in the Toils

THE FIREMAKERS. By ROLLO WALTER BROWN. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS is the story of The Man Who Could Not Get Out. American letters abound in biographies, novels, and success-stories of men who did get out—who escaped from the log cabin, the forge, the tow-path, or the fish-market to become Presidents, generals, and financiers. Some naive people accept it as a truism that any American with brains, health, and ambition can struggle up from youthful penury and toil; forgetting that it was never easy in artistic or professional fields, that it is not so easy anywhere as it once was, and that luck or at least an even chance is also needed. The very vogue of the success magazines is evidence that the percentage of failures is increasingly high, and every realistic observer of American life knows that failure is often far indeed from being merited. Hardening class lines, wages without a margin, and hard luck may account for many a Jude the Obscure on our own soil. The Indian fighter might once follow a straight line to the Presidency. But where is the straight line that the illiterate manual worker of today can follow to the position of a highly trained surgeon, attorney, or engineer?

Mr. Brown's "firemakers" are Ohio coalminers, of whom he writes with the close fidelity of a man who knows their life at first hand and by years of contact. Luke, the aspiring miner who could not get out, is reared in Company Row in the 'eighties, starts work at fourteen as a trap-boy, and at sixteen is cutting coal beside his father. Everyone knows that the mines furnish a hopeless lot. The men about him are aware that they offer nothing but poverty, toil, and constant danger. Some, with the tradition of rural life close behind, go west to take up farms. But Luke has an artistic impulse which renders Kansas as unattractive to him as the Ohio collieries, and makes up his mind to be a pottery-maker. For this he needs a little capital, and—if he is really to make vases, dishes, and figures of enduring beauty—some expert training in ceramics. This is the story of how he strove to attain both; almost succeeded, slipped back and struggled on again; and finally gave up for himself, but not for his growing boy.

The story is told simply, honestly, without sentimentalization, and without any attempt to wring out of it a "poignancy" which is not there, as it is seldom in any of the everyday facts of similar failure all about us. Luke is not ill-content to take his second-best lot, which is that of an unusually prosperous and intelligent miner owning his own home and happily married. The simple veracity of his individual story is matched by the picture of the mining community in general. These are American miners, before the days of Slav and Italian; a yeoman stock diverted from the farms. They are vulgar, uneducated, undistinguished, self-respecting, brave in emergencies, and rather placid in their endurance of ordinary hardships. Once when a succession of accidents awakens them to the fact that their mine is unnecessarily dangerous they revolt, and Mr. Brown's most interesting pages—humorous rather than melodramatic—are those which describe the strike and the incursion of the militia. The author knows not only the colliery and the miners, but the farming life which lies all about; bits of the lore of woods and fields are constantly thrown into the story. Two or three of the minor characters are, if not "creations," at least sketched carefully from life; and Nathan, the old soldier who had fought at Gettysburg and carried the spirit of his campaigns into his daily work, is particularly memorable. His leadership in the terrible week when he and his comrades were imprisoned in the bowels of the mine, and the water from the creek above seeped down to fill it up, is admirably described. Altogether, this is an unusual novel. While not unambitious, it does not aim too high, and it succeeds perfectly in hitting the mark at which it does aim.

The death is announced, at the age of sixty-three, of Mrs. Falconer Jameson, the English novelist who wrote under the name "J. E. Buckrose." She was the author of several popular North Country novels, among them "Down Our Street" and "The Gossip Shop." Her latest book, "Out All Night," was published only recently.

Michael's Mount

THE south east corner of the Gulf of St.Malo runs into a long bay dividing Brittany from Normandy. Three rivers and the sliding tides have filled it in with flat miles of sand. At times the tides flow over the flat miles, at times the twisting rivers shift their beds and the old beds become quicksands. In the midst of wet plain or glinting water stand two precipitous hills, one of them called Tombelaine; the other was once called Mount Tumbe, but it has long been dedicated to an archangel, more distinguished because more accessible. Tombelaine is two miles further out on the amphibious plain, but as late as the twelfth century Mount Tumbe seems to have been less on the sands than in the woods: "entor le mont el bois follu."

Strictly as hills they are ordinary granite faced hills, about two hundred feet high, but oddly circumstanced. It was oddity that has set history swirling around Mount Tumbe like its swirling tides. Promontory or island or hill on the sand, it always looked curious, suggestive, uncanny. Hence the druid went there with his gory ritual, and the two hermits in due time to cleanse the hill with their prayers from polluting memories, druidic or satanic. When a Christian altar succeeds a pagan, analogy points to the warrior angel and his conquest over the hosts of hell. Hence the visions of Aubert and Norgod (of the seventh and eleventh centuries respectively, bishops of the town and diocese of Avranches), the archangelic admonition, the abbatial church on the hill top, uplifted, winged, triumphant. Hence Mount Tumbe new named and holy; hence rumors of miracles and floods of pilgrims. Norse pirates came sailing up all promising inlets and the sacred fisher folk found the Mount a practicable refuge; hence the fortress, and the long story of its wars began. It is all reasonable and consecutive. The same oddity of situation made it a shrine, a stronghold, a prison, and finally a spectacle; raised its consecrated spire, girdled it with clambering walls, and hollowed out its cells, penal and penitential. You may shorten its human story to a thousand years, or lengthen it vaguely to two thousand. From the druid to the traditional omelets of the Hotel Poulard, it swarms with a motley of ghosts. M. Etienne Dupont has written nine volumes about it—one of them a bibliography of twelve hundred titles—and seven more volumes on subjects connected with it. The poets write verses in praise of the omelets and in execration of the Causeway. Hugo made remarks on the Mount sufficiently Olympian, but only one satisfactory bit of literature, the initials of Juliette Drouet scratched on a column in the cloister. Flaubert thought it looked like a great crab crawling over a proportionate beach, and that too is Flaubertianly successful.

Speaking as a meditant out in the twilight on the eastward levels—while the moon rises over Normandy "round as a Goth god's shield," and the sunset frames the Mount in a red auriole—it looks to me more like Michael's helmet half sunk in the sand, encrusted with baroque ornament and spiked at the crest. The river Coesnon crawls round like a fallen demon turned serpent. Truly human life has been grim enough at times. But now and again it is soft as footsteps in the sand, and the soul is steeped in twilight; the Goth god's shield gives its luminous benediction to Normandy; Michael's helmet lies beside the creeping serpents; the hosts of hell are quiet, bewitched with meditation; and both the wicked and the good have ceased from troubling.

* * *

The cult of Saint Michael had a touch of the sun god about it. The sun mounts triumphant over the sullen night; the gleaming warrior stamps on the black dragon, Fafnir or Beelzebub. Henry Adams found the thirteenth century cult of the Madonna more suggestive and nearer to his own mentality than the older cult of the archangel. His "Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres" is much about Chartres and very little about Mont Saint-Michel. The portals and rose windows of Chartres hang together, but they are not simple minded. Adams was dissatisfied, not because he was complex, but because he did not to his own conception hang together. He thought the disintegration was both his own and his era's, and possibly neither was as disconnected as he thought. Norman arches are as unperplexed and plain minded as the Old Brick Row, or the Song of Roland, or Taillefer the minstrel who sang it at Hastings. To ride out between the watching armies, singing of Roland and tossing one's sword; to strike the first blow in the great fight and die under the Saxon spears; that was glory, that was the way to live and die! And what then? Why, then suddenly the choking throat and the spears in the chest were gone, and one passed under the portcullis of the goodly walled city of God, liegeman to Michael himself, and ho! what plumed wars to follow, what driving of red demons down the slopes of the sky, Lord Michael to the front with his crest of gold!

One grows stale with history in print; its facts are dry and its generalizations pallid. These long dead generations, we know something of what they did and what they said, but we would like to feel how they felt. And the past is a palmipsest. There is script below script. There are rivers running underground. That is why historians like Henry Adams turn from documents to sculptured stones, which speak a different language of strangely vivid idioms. Mont Saint-Michel says something about the Normans that Freeman does not, and the Bayeux tapestry (which is not tapestry but needle work) says something unsaid by either. The women who embroidered the long cloth saw slim young heroes, gallant and daring; the four pillars of the transept in the abbatial church were built by men of solid habits and thick bone. Their grim duke was a dangerous man; "stark," quoth the Saxon Chronicle, silent, ruthless in his wrath. No doubt. And one of the fattest kings on record, whatever he was earlier in the eyes of Norman ladies. A hard headed, grip-handed people; like certain American types, neither mentally nor emotionally subtle, but full of vim. Michael was the glittering patron of victory, and his cult drew out of the long heathen wars. How did Saint George get possession of Michael's dragon and slip away with his glory? George of Cappodocia was a poor sort of person of no valor at all, and his apotheosis is a palimpsest too obscure to be read.

In the year 1692, "and the 31st of May, helter skelter through the blue, came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance, with the English fleet in view"; and a Breton sailor saved this fleeing fleet of France by piloting it into harbor, in and about through the rocks and hidden channels of St. Malo. In March of the year 1871 a robustious English poet declared that Hervé Riel had never had the celebrity he was entitled to, and rather successfully conferred upon him that celebrity. It appears that Hervé Riel did not see any difference between the glorious and the customary, or how he was entitled to celebrity, or what was the good of it if he were, or that there was anything remarkable about steering a ship by daylight to a harbor into which he had often picked his way by night and knew there was water enough. But if the gentlemen thought otherwise, they might give him a holiday to go see his wife.

On one of those rocks that shelter and make perilous the approach to St. Malo, in the year 1848, was buried, by request of the deceased and consent of authorities, Francois René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, who thought—if any integral belief can be found among his draperies—that not to be in the spotlight was not to be anywhere. The artistry of the selection is admirable. The gesture is technically, perhaps, as good, as Byron's dying for the liberties of Greece in the wake of Leonidas. The stranger in St. Malo or Dinard is shown the black rock among the sliding tides, the lone burial place of René, and has his chance to be touched with the right emotion, if he is not so sophisticated the sophistication moves him to irony. But alas! that is what we are. If anyone in a black cloak on a prominent promontory bids "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean," it "doesn't do a thing" to us. Deep, dark rolling is an oceanic habit, not a beau geste. We are graduates in the technique of publicity, grown morbidly conscious of "bunk." The *beau geste* of Taillefer was gallant, and almost as plain-minded as Hervé Riel and his holiday. A *beau geste* is engaging if it is gay, and if it is honest there is no irony in its wake. The phenomenon of Henry Adams, from the "Education" to the monument in Rock Creek Cemetary, is complex and modern, but it hangs together as integrally as Chartres cathedral. Its tragedy is not a masque, nor its attitude a pose.

Michael's Mount has been a long time in the spotlight, and grown animated with its celebrity and social experience, while Tombelaine has lain outside in the shadow, absorbed in the simple minded business of being an island, or a hill.

ARTHUR COLTON.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Notes on Bermuda, II.

SHAKESPEARE used Bermuda as a symbol of the artist's isolation. It was a little difficult for the casual visitor to preserve that illusion while the *Veendam*, the *Franconia*, and the *Pan-America* were bringing down about 1,500 trippers a week. How long the islands can endure so lively an influx without tarnishing their charm will be a delicate problem. The appearance of a few speed-boats is rather ominous. I advise the Bermuda Chamber of Commerce to limit them strictly, as they have the automobile. The harbors should be preserved for sail and the slow chug-chug as the roads have been for bicycle and horse.

But Prospero's magic is still strong. There is not so much physical solitude, but all its intellectual materials are there. Far out, on the barrier reefs, you see the surf exploding just as letters and telephone calls crumble against the periphery of the mind. Within, the busy interne, the coral animal of self, is at his pensive edification. He seems perhaps in a mere swoon, but he finds afterward that in the caverns of his skull queer stalactites have been growing. It is odd that the commonest formations of coral are shaped like the brain and like a fan. Keep cool and use your mind, the polyp seems to be suggesting. Those stony shores are strewn with the driftwood of all sorts of fables. When some old French buccaneers were wrecked there in the 16th century they had to build a pinnace for escape. Lacking pitch, they tightened their seams with a mucilage of "lime mixed with the oil of tortoises." It is a good formula for philosophers. A caustic stone, well pulverized, and a fatty oil, sluggish or leisurely. Santayana and Don Marquis have both used it.

* * *

Just by chance I met on the street yesterday the editor of a famous magazine. He was about to sail for Bermuda, he said, for three weeks' vacation. But the infection of New York was still in his veins, for he remarked that he was taking MSS with him and expected to do some work down there. I know better. The oil of tortoises will mollify him. In the little garden behind Inverurie, presided over by that snow-white statue of the "noble English mastiff," he will sit, as I did, book in hand, transpiring into swoon. Do you remember how in *The Tempest* the characters are continually falling asleep? Miranda can't keep her eyes open during her father's autobiography. Ferdinand is "charmed from moving." Caliban gapes at the clouds and drops off again. So will the Editor. That passage where Caliban speaks of the clouds—"Methought the clouds would open and show riches"—is one of Shakespeare's shrewdest memoranda. For I had never dreamed of such skyscapes as one sees from sailboats in the lanes of Hamilton Harbor. What silver corsages of heaven, reminding one of Waldo Pierce's regrettable poem. And almost daily, as some puff of shower floats high, tepid and sweet as ginger beer and too faint to reach earth, a little rainbow is pinned to the bosom of a cloud. Or at night our Editor will sit on the terrace, perhaps with an Aquarium cocktail, to watch Ferdinand and Miranda dancing. They move not vis-à-vis but at an angle, and Miranda leans in a somewhat kangaroo posture. They are very young, remember, and feel it is necessary at all costs to be different. An orchestra of genial blacks in very wide white trousers fusillades the mild evening with Roxy folk-ditties; a spotlight revolves primary colors upon the oscillating pairs. And behind, a perfect stage-set, move the ghostly sails of small yachts that slide silently along the balustrade, hover like pale moths, vanish again into the darkness. With precise art the native skippers of the *Vagabond*, the *Sweet Honey*, the *Uncle Sam*, and other pretty sloops luff them alongside the terrace and flutter softly in hope of custom. In the moonlight you may see a gray triangle of canvas coming down-wind, a picnic supper-party homeward bound from Ports Island where the ghosts of the Boer prisoners still inhabit the grove. And the wheeling beam of Gibbs's Hill lighthouse startles the spook-hunter with sudden blinks of white. It is there that sandwiches laid on the grass are carried off by sinewy cockroaches of unusual stature. Mr. Marquis's archy, I dare say, came from Bermuda. At night, in that dark, warm water, bare bodies are said to swim in pleasing swirls of phosphorus, but boatmen, as obliging as Boswell's chairman Cameron, tell no tales. (The reference is to volume 12 of the *Boswell Papers*.) Those who live by wind and weather learn a large wisdom. I liked the comment of one colored skipper when we were speaking of the grandiloquent name of a liner being built for the luxury trade. "That's not a good name for a ship," he said. "It sounds like they thought she was unsinkable." There was much wisdom in that. Those who know the sea prefer ships to have less provocative baptism. I do not forget the tin-colored face of one water-logged zealot whom several of us pulled in through the surf at Elbow Beach. He evidently had thought himself more than a match for the Atlantic Ocean.

* * *

I suppose Will Beebe is Bermuda's nearest approach to Prospero just at present. Nonsuch Island is one of the string of rocky crags that cross the southern side of Castle Harbor, where ruined forts and sea-washed caves suggest doubloons and buccaneers. Here the Bermuda government has lent him the old quarantine station for research laboratory. A foundered hull, awash in the cove, serves as breakwater for his landing. A pet monkey, ancient tortoises strolling about, a band of assistant students, and a shelf of detective stories for relaxation make this a scientific Eden. From here his steam tug goes trawling daily—not exactly "deeper than e'er plummet sounded," but at least a mile down. We were lucky enough to see the day's haul come in and watch the Ariels and Calibans rush the glass jars up the rocky scarp and under the microscopes. That is the big moment of the day. This lean, bronzed Prospero (in bathing jersey and khaki shorts) and his young enthusiasts gathered eagerly round the white trays of fresh ocean combings. It was a lesson in the joys of scientific curiosity. What ecstasy when something specially fine appears: that scarlet deep-sea shrimp which was instantly put under a violet ray to measure the luminescence of its swimmerets; or the fish that was cheerfully digesting another one larger than himself; or the iridescent eye of a squid. In their unfaded colors, some still briskly active, these unexpected visitors give one something of an embarrassment. It is like peeping into Nature's dressing-room; you are seeing what was scarcely intended to be seen. Deep-sea life, Beebe is fond of saying, can match all the marvels of the fairy tales. Creatures who light up their mouths (so that they can see what they are eating?) are surely an adequate analogy for the flame-breathing dragon.

When Will Beebe drops the ladder over the launch's side and puts a diver's helmet on you, his only instruction is, "Keep your head upright." He adds casually, "Oh, the sharks round here won't bother you." It suddenly occurs to you that there are several questions you want to ask, but now the helmet is on and it is too heavy to lift off yourself. They are leaning over the boat's side and practically shoving you down. You descend, surprised at yourself; the weight of the helmet on your shoulders vanishes like magic. Through the glass window you see the dark bottom of the launch poised above you in a great glow of pale water. This new world is so fascinating there isn't the slightest sense of anxiety. But you are under water and unconsciously you are holding your breath. You hear the pump clicking evenly and suddenly you realize the air in the helmet is getting tight. So you take your breath in sudden gulps and swallows, when you happen to remember it. Each time you exhale there is a delicious gargling sound, and you feel a big clot of air slide over your shoulder and go bubbling upward. It is somehow reassuring.

Now you are on the clean sandy floor. The little striped fish they call sergeant-majors are shoaling about; you see the black line of your air-pipe reaching up to the ceiling of this great cloudy hall. And the immediate surprise is that you cannot move. In that warm, heavy element you are like a fly in syrup. Your feet seem glued to the bottom. At first you proceed by swimming motions with the arms. Then, gradually you learn the trick of bending forward until the weight of the helmet overbalances you and your feet follow. So you walk as though leaning against heavy wind.

The launch is moored to the projecting sternpost of an old sunken wreck. Her hull is crusted thick with corals and waving growths, all in a shimmer of amber and pale lime-green. Fish twirl about you like birds; clumsily you try to catch one in your hand, they vanish and return again. Above you a jellyfish is floating, and inside his transparent cavity a small fish is luxuriously loitering, like a goldfish in a private travelling bowl. At your feet a magenta fan-coral sways softly in the tide. You stoop to pick it: the helmets tilts on your shoulders and a rush of water pours in around your face. This is the end, you think; but even as you think it you have straightened up again and the water recedes. The armored headpiece is not sealed around your shoulders: only the air pressure keeps the water out. Groping in the tangle of stony growths on the wreck, little hands and twigs of brown coral, you realize with amazement that you are perfectly comfortable. You would gladly spend an hour. But another guest is also waiting for his first descent. Reluctantly you follow your hose back to the ladder. Most pleasing of all is to walk about on that white floor in a glimmer of sandy and pearly colors—very like the lighting effect of a New York railway station at night—and see overhead the dark shape of the boat, like a small whale.

* * *

Even more thrilling, now that the first trial had enlarged confidence, was to go down again at the Bermuda Aquarium, by the kindness of Louis Mowbray, most hospitable of curators. Just behind the Aquarium you climb down some steps cut in the rocky shore of Harrington Sound, they put the helmet on you, and you submerge like a veteran. Here the rocks slope inward under water, there is a coral cavern of jagged ledges and crevices and a whole jungle of marine underbrush. When you gain the shadow of the cave the sunlight outside is like a golden curtain wavering in the glassy flow. Colors and graces the eye almost refuses to credit are thick about you: anemones and lichens, queer flowers of rubbery substance, some as blue as bunches of violets. It is like a liquid greenhouse of plants cut out of sponge and spaghetti. Pink, orange, salmon, lilac, they sway in the eddy; when you touch them, a whole foliage of tubes and blossoms suddenly retracts or snaps shut. These flowers are alert with crude and stinging life. A passion of unbelief fills the immigrant behind his glass window: he wants to reach and touch, sprawls on his knees over misjudged ledges, knifes his fingers breaking off twigs and fringes of coral. The cavern, looming up like a rock-garden, deepens into dark liquid fissures of terrifying loveliness. In one crevice lurks a big angel fish, spangled blue and opal. You grope at him and he flickers far in; in a moment fans himself out again backward, as curious as yourself. The long antennæ of a 12-inch lobster are near your hand. Gingerly you grasp one—he flicks back out of sight before the nerve impression of having touched him registers on your brain. If you did not remember that Mr. Mowbray is out on the rocky shore generously pumping for you in the midday sun, you might stay down all morning.

There is no thrill like it, and it is completely indescribable. Mr. Mowbray has had a little bathhouse built behind the Aquarium; there you may put on your bathing suit which is all the equipment you need (though it is well to add an old pair of gloves. He will lend you rubber boots so your feet won't be cut.) I believe that by allowing a reasonable number of visitors to go below the water for a modest fee the Aquarium plans to supplement its funds for research. It is the greatest adventure Bermuda offers: an entrée to the most authentic Garden of Eden any of us is likely to see—the binomial equation in prime factors, as it was in the beginning.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"The school examinations season," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "has yielded its usual crop of 'howlers,' some of them carrying their own explanation of the process which produced them. It is easy to understand the youthful confusion of mind which results in some of these gems; for instance, in such statements as that Shakespeare wrote the 'Merry Widow,' and that his work included tragedies, comedies, and errors, and that Coleridge was a retired mariner who took to verse—or that most of Pope's work was written in heroic cutlets, and that Plato was the god of the Underground. It is less easy to account for the extraordinary statement that a coroner is one of the King's men who accompanies the yeomanry or that he is an under officer who must obey his higher subjects. We cannot but admire the resource of the pupil who wrote down 'On their heads' in answer to a question as to where the kinds of England were crowned, and a similarly naïve reply was given by another student in response to the question 'Explain what happens when there is an eclipse of the sun' when he answered, truthfully enough, "A great many people go out to see it.'

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Books of Special Interest

Rural Sociology

A SYSTEMATIC SOURCE BOOK IN RURAL SOCIOLOGY. Edited by PITIRIM A. SOROKIN, CARL C. ZIMMERMAN, and CHARLES J. GALPIN. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota. 1931. 2 vols. $6.50 each.

PRINCIPLES OF RURAL-URBAN SOCIETY. By PITIRIM A. SOROKIN and CARL C. ZIMMERMAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $4.50.

Reviewed by CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

WE have here two parts of a truly monumental work. The Source Book, of which the first volume is now available, will consist of three parts and is designed to give a comprehensive survey of rural sociology from the beginning of recorded time to the present, and of its relation to urban life and development. The Holt volume is a careful summary of the Source volume. These texts are to be distinguished from other available texts in the same field not only by their comprehensiveness, but by the honest effort to treat the whole subject scientifically. They represent a definite, and, on the whole, a fairly successful effort to develop principles rather than mere comments or propaganda. They likewise differ in that they are not confined to American or even to European experiences, but seek to gather data the world over with regard to rural conditions and their relations to urban conditions. The usual topics like standard of living, social groupings, intelligence, sex and family life, thinking habits, beliefs, politics, crime, and intemperance are considered from what our authors call "the rural urban angle." Age old problems these questions have heretofore almost invariably been considered from the city's end, rather than the rural and are to be judged accordingly.

The conflict between the two forces has been a long one, bitterly contested, and the end is not yet either in America or abroad. Evidences of it are to be found embodied in legislation and it will be a long time before there is a satisfactory readjustment.

Traffic and transportation are developing into potent factors and may in due course prove to be the solvents. Already we see a tendency, growing in force, to make the cities the centers of trade and business and the country (at present mainly the semi-country suburbs) the places of residence. To this phase of the question, however, Messrs. Sorokin and Zimmerman in their summing up volume devote but little attention. Just why this is so does not appear. Several chapters, and highly interesting ones, are devoted to the city-ward migration. In their opinion, omitting the local and peculiar demographic factors of a higher fertility of the rural population, a series of economic factors and the progress of science and inventions are responsible. These latter, however, are also helping towards a reverse movement to solve the congestion of population. Several recent writers have devoted their attention to the suburban situation which is by some coming to be regarded as the forerunner of a carefully planned back-to-the-country movement. It is to be regretted that our authors have not given their attention to this phase, which unquestionably must have adequate consideration in any comprehensive treatment of the relation of the country to the city.

* *

"Agrarian radicalism" is one of the most interesting parts of this work. Radicalism among farmers, its authors hold, is an attempt to maintain the wide distribution of private property. Radicalism among wage earners and the city classes, is generally either of the type seeking to concentrate the ownership of property in the hands of the state or to do away with the institution of private property. Certainly a fundamental difference, that explains why the rural classes are found to be in opposition to so many changes demanded by the city wage earners, notably those relating to shorter hours; the overcoming or removal of the debilitating nature of many varieties of urban labor, and old age pensions.

Another striking, and perhaps one may say fundamental difference, is that of the moral code and the attitude of mind. The ruralite is stern and just in the Old Testament sense. The New Testament attitude is softer, more forgiving and loving, and the urbanite tends that way. In America at least this difference manifests itself in the Protestant faiths and especially the extreme forms like the Mennonites and Dunkards, that are strongest in the country districts. The Catholic faith (Roman and Anglican) are strongest in the cities.

In Washington Irving's "Note Books" we find this pregnant conversation between "Country" and "City":—

"In the country," said Sylvanus, "a man becomes acquainted with his own mind."

"Ay," said Urbes, "but in the city he becomes acquainted with a thousand other minds."

Sylvanus: "In the country a man learns to think for himself."

Urbes: "Egad, in town he has no need of the trouble; he has a thousand others to think for him!"

It is not strange that we find a larger measure of independence in the agricultural classes than in the urban, but our authors are not prepared to say that the former are more intolerant politically than the latter, nor are they willing to commit themselves to the thesis that urbanization is definitely correlated to republicanism and ruralization to the monarchial régime. While the chapters dealing with these phases are less satisfactory than those dealing with the social, they are nevertheless stimulating, indeed far more so than the average text book.

The twenty-seven chapters of the Summary are divided into five parts: Part I considers basic principles of sociology, defines the rural and urban worlds, and discusses the status of the farmer-peasant class among other classes; Part II considers the bodily and vital traits of the rural-urban population; Part III considers rural-urban intelligence, experience, and psychological processes; Part IV presents a cross section of rural-urban behavior, institutions, and culture; Part V considers rural-urban migration and also presents a chapter on "retrospect, present situation, and prospect."

This volume is not one of ordinary conclusions from various data, opinions, and statements with regard to rural conditions and their relations to urban conditions, but an elaborate discussion, well documented, on rural life and rural communities as compared with urban life and urban communities. It is an honest effort to treat scientifically the problems involved. Indeed, it may be said to resemble German publications rather than the usual American ones. The comparisons are illuminating and rather more interesting than discussions in such books usually are. In this respect there is a satisfactory departure from German standards and methods.

Volume I of the Source books, after a Historical Introduction, discusses rural social organization in its ecological and more morphological aspects. The second deals with family life, education, crime, recreation, health, political behavior beliefs and attitudes and morals. The third volume is announced to deal with bodily, vital, and psycho-social traits of farmers and peasants. The one already published reflects wide and careful reading and excellent judgment in selection.

In reading the pages alike of the Source books, and of the Summary, one is constantly impressed with the fact that there are very few new problems, although their forms may vary from age to age, and from generation to generation.

Students of sociology, rural and urban, owe these three painstaking scientists a deep debt of gratitude.

The Story of a Polar Bear

NORTHERN LIGHTS: A Tale of Spitzbergen. By MIKKJEL FONHUS. Translated from the Norwegian by EDITH M. G. JAYNE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by DAINES BARRINGTON

THIS is the story of a polar bear which, according to the illustrator, looks like a Russian wolf hound, and which, according to the author, lives in a world that looks like nothing that ever existed. These points may really be merits; perhaps a conventionalized polar bear is better than a real one, and doubtless an imaginary polar world has many advantages.

In a constructed north, for instance, the mood on one page can be served by an eternal silence and that of another by a variety of noises. Sometimes, however, the different backgrounds are not separated by quite enough reading matter. As, for instance, on page 3, where a goose flies over a lifeless world, its cry in only the next sentence answered by the chatter of the teeming nesting grounds below. A good secretary should have pointed this out to Mr. Fonhus. Or can it be that the lifelessness of a lively neighborhood is the highest as well as the newest art?

"Northern Lights" is probably a convincing tale if you are willing to play with the author a game of sufficiently intensive make-believe. There is nothing wrong with the local color except that it is wrong for the place described. It may produce the desired effect upon a reader sufficiently little informed about the scene of the story.

In animal yarns we have to pretend that the beasts are really as human as the plot and plan demand. Then why should not the background be as inhuman and unreal as the author wants us to play it is? Let us, then, play that Spitzbergen is eternally silent, that the darkness of midwinter is continuous the twenty-four hours through, that it is colder than in New York's Adirondack winter resorts, that the birds of summer go there through a strange compulsion rather than by choice, that their song, which biologically is the same in all countries, shall here be fictionally sad.

If you miss the unconscious humor involved in Mr. Fonhus's blunders with local color, and view the book strictly as an animal story, "Northern Lights" is depressing throughout, with no relief of any sort for the reader. It concerns a polar bear and her first cub who are separated when the cub is trapped by Söraasen, the chief human character, and taken to Norway to be sold eventually to a zoo. We follow the mother through her efforts to get the cub out of the trap, her bewilderment when, after three days, she leaves the trap to get food and returns to find him gone, her loneliness, and her desperate attempts to follow him. The scent leads her to the water and ends there. She alternately swims and rides ice bergs. When the Gulf Stream melts the bergs, she swims for days and days until the waves become "long avalanches of water, threatening her continually." We forgive the coincidence that brings her to the very village in Norway where Söraasen has taken the cub. It proves a harrowing coincidence, for she passes him by while he tugs at his chains trying to get to her. Eventually she wanders out among the Lapps and is killed.

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THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER by Richard Aldington is the story of a "nice" girl . . . all good intentions and no tactics. Georgie wanted the kind of love that comes in Victorian novels. Some men fled from her. Others took "liberties." One, she thought, was the "right man." Then he casually went away. Abroad, Georgie has been likened to Hardy's "Tess." Her story makes Babbitts of some English men and women, though Howard Vincent O'Brien says "the cruel hypocrisy revealed is that of small towns the world over." If you like Somerset Maugham and Rose Macaulay, and remember this author's **Death of a Hero,** there's a treat in store for you. ($2.50)

• • •

This novel is typical of the exciting books to come in the season just opening. Edna Ferber, Hugh Walpole, Clemence Dane and Margaret Kennedy have new novels.

• • •

Miss Ferber's, published October 15th, will be **American Beauty.** Mr. Walpole's **Judith Paris** is the story of Rogue Herries' daughter, out October 8. Miss Kennedy's **Return I Dare Not** plunges us into the affairs of a young playwright who, on a sophisticated week-end party, finds himself in a drama of real life, more mad and complex than any he ever dreamed of on the stage. (Nov. 5) Miss Dane's **Broome Stages** is the story of one royal family of the theatre, from strolling players to the movies. Actors and aristocrats, their fiercest enemies are among themselves, though against the world it is always "Way for the Broomes!" (Oct. 22)

The Loving Spirit, by Daphne du Maurier, is the story of a woman of Cornwall, and of how her spirit reappeared here and there among her descendants. The last to be touched is Jennifer Coombe, in 1930—beautiful, wayward, whose courage sets "the loving spirit" free. The young author is, as someone has said, "not afraid of the big things like passion and madness." She is the granddaughter of George du Maurier, and writes her successful first novel in the romantic tradition of his "Trilby." ($2.50)

Father, Elizabeth's maliciously witty story of a maiden lady who annexed a cottage and a clergyman; **Father Malachy's Miracle,** by Bruce Marshall, about a devout little Benedictine monk who astonished the world with a miracle, and himself with its consequences; and **John Mistletoe,** by Christopher Morley, a semi-autobiographical book, upon whose pages an author's world of beauty and significance is revealed—all continue to entertain and stimulate. Each sells for $2.50.

Just out are two books from Aldous Huxley: **The World of Light,** a brilliantly readable play about spiritualism, his first; and **The Cicadas,** his first collection of poems since "Leda." (Each $2)

Mr. Huxley remarks in **Music at Night** (to be published September 24th) that the only things he collects are "human specimens." If you, too, collect these, you'll do well to read W. Somerset Maugham's **First Person Singular,** just published. One story shows a gentleman bigamist in the act of finishing off a round dozen of wives; another is about a famous beauty who chose to lavish herself on her butler. All in the smooth satiric style of "Cakes and Ale." ($2.50)

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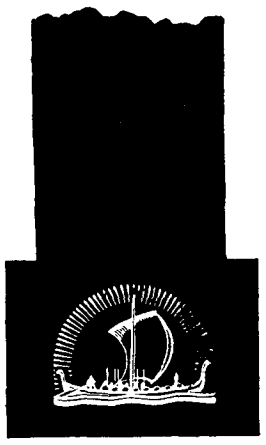

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Notes on Russian Art and Drama

By Frank Jewett Mather

IT was pleasant not to have to abandon all my preconceptions at once when I got to Russia. I did find a localized and limited amount of grimness in the police and university students of Moscow. The Moscow police have none of the urbanity that generally marks their calling throughout the world. They look severe and suspicious, like vedettes in an enemy's country. They are young, but have a fanatical earnestness. Compared with them, the soldiers of the Red Army are positively amiable. I judge the Moscow police are constantly smelling for that intangible and quite undefined offence known as counter-revolutionary activity—indeed there is little other crime to occupy them. That universal mania of persecution which is the malady of Communist Russia, must be acute in them, and I am sorry for the person upon whom it wreaks itself.

At Moscow the interest in old masters which had brought me to Russia dwindled, largely because the old masters were not there or were not readibly visible. To be sure the Museum of Fine Arts was far stronger than I expected to find it, by reason of confiscation of private collections and transfer of some sixty pictures from the Hermitage. There was an admirable little Annunciation by Botticelli, in his tragic late style. I had not known it. The Hermitage had contributed a magnificent Titian, a Vanitas, several Poussins, and other early French pictures. The Dutch and Flemish collections were strong; the Coptic textiles very numerous and fine. In short while the Museum does not at all compare with the greater galleries of Europe, it has gained importance, and the minute specialist of European painting must include it in his travels.

Of the Second Museum of Modern Western Painting, formed by uniting the Morosov and Shchukin collections, I had formed the highest expectation, and the reality surpassed them. It is unquestionably the finest museum of Impressionistic and Post-Impressionistic painting in the world, in quantity and in quality, and I know of none that exceeds it in delightfulness of display. If only the Director could keep the evidence of the Five Year Plan out of his lobby, but of course he can't, and probably he does not want to do so. One must heartily wish the success of the plan if only to leave the Russians free to practice taste in their museums and historic monuments.

Small galleries are devoted to Monet and Renoir, both represented magnificently in every phase; to Gauguin and Van Gogh in such examples as made these old favorites seem new to me. Cézanne, in not quite so good examples, claims two small galleries. Matisse in his early phase, Picasso, Derain (the early ones) make the largest hall a centre of excitement if not of beauty. There are Delacroixs, Degas's, and Manets and a superlative Daumiere to show the ancestry. The brilliancy and vitality of the whole show took away the breath of a sceptic very used to holding his breath under such conditions. The installation was both logical and intimate with the most instructive juxtapositions—a model of that general taste and resourcefulness which happily preside over the Art Museums of New Russia.

The net result of the show was to convince me that in my critical writing, for example in my "Modern Painting," I had somewhat exaggerated the breach with tradition involved in these new radical styles, or rather I had at times failed sufficiently to note that a good painting always has some kind of affinity with any good painting that has anteceded it. The early well considered opinions I do not recant, but if I were rewriting the old essays and chapters I should give them a somewhat different and more favorable emphasis.

As to contemporary Russian painting, I did my best to see it, but under difficulties. The museums were being arranged and the latest acquisitions were rarely accessible. There were few exhibitions. In the university I saw the show of the young group who, perhaps in defiance of superstition, take the name of The 13. The pictures were small, mostly sketches and notes, generally in water color. Landscapes, wharves, the circus, work, were the themes. Nearly everything was in the bright colors of the Post-Impressionists, but there was little use of the still popular, if disappearing, "creative distortions." It was fresh and sound work, but not very gripping. Evidently the position of the artist who can have no wealthy patronage is a novel and peculiar one. He must ordinarily make his living by something other than his painting, and his painting he must think of in terms of the few rubles an art loving comrade can spare. I got the reputation of a Maccenas by offering five dollars for a drawing.

Cubism, as I have noted, has made little impression on Russian art, but it serves a useful purpose of propaganda in the colossal wooden robots on the squares of Leningrad and Moscow who tend machinery, hold a lever, or, in lighter moments, bash in the top hat of a capitalist with the symbolic sledge of the Internationale. They are very amusingly done. When I remarked to my interpreter that an American workman would hardly like to see himself thus symbolized as a robot, they were surprised.

In all the Russian art I saw there was a singular innocence—a refreshing absence of that covert lubricity with which elsewhere in Europe and with us Modernistic art is so frequently tainted. It was so in the picture galleries; it was so at the cinema, theater, and opera. Nowhere that exhibitionism of the nude which is the staple of our variety performances. It simply does not exist in Russia. At the cinema I saw an elaborate melodrama contrasting the intrigues to make a *prima ballerina*, with the honest endeavor of her junior associates, who were girl friends of very noble revolutionists. It was clever technically, and in substance insignificant. At the opera I heard Glinka's "Russland"—a fantastic ballet opera based on old Russian mythology and folklore. It was beautifully danced and sung, and set with all the resources of modern stage craft. At the Art Theatre Knut Hamsen's problem play "The Gate of the Kingdom" was running. It was so quietly subtle that I felt it must be an Ibsen piece unknown to me. It was played with reserve and nuances of all sorts. The fable was merely the struggle of a young author to maintain his integrity, losing on the way job, wife, and home. It received five curtain calls.

At Meyerhold's Theatre I saw a crude patriotic melodrama transformed by fine staging into a thrilling work of art. The method ranging from broadest burlesque, through highly abbreviated symbolism, to sharpest realism. On meeting Meyerhold himself—a person of patriarchal dignity and kindliness, in whom it was easy to see the great artist, and harder to see the whimsical humorist—I told him that out of very raw stuff he had made something right good. I think he liked it. Perhaps the taste of the new dramaturgy is after all to make bad plays seem good.

One was singularly at home in these audiences. They had simply a cultured and European air. In the lobby of the Art Theatre, except for a mild intrusion of Five Year Plan posters, you had to rub your eyes to realize that you were not strolling in the foyer of the Odéon, while at Meyerhold's you might have been between the acts at the Oeuvre or the Theatre Guild. It was the same paradox, I had remarked at Leningrad—a deep and real appreciation of the more subtle and refined dramatic entertainment. Perhaps it is exotic. I do not know what the theatre and opera of Kharkov, Stalingrad, and the Siberian cities may be like. And maybe these metropolitan audiences represent a survival of an older culture which is disappearing. But I doubt this, for they were young audiences, educated under the new régime, and the industrial unions are sending their members by thousands a year to entertainments of this high quality.

These scrappy notes on Russian dramatic entertainment may close with the new style variety performance at Kiev. It was held in the ring of a small circus and the part of it I witnessed included excellent tumbling, engaging trained dogs, and a civil war playlet, the bagging of a gang of most picturesque bandits, and release of their captives, by a very business like troop of Red Cavalry. The circular arena was cleverly used, the setting, a railroad station, mere properties; exits and entrances were from the four cardinal points through the audience. Any bit of the amphitheatre by good lighting was made to serve any needed purpose—for example the High Command of the Red Army planning the capture of the bandits was shown in the space above an entrance. There were humorous touches much relished by the audience, as when a captive priest rang the station bell for vespers, and the motley bandits crossed themselves and most devoutly intoned a response to his call to prayer. The performance offered at least the real variety which our variety shows often lack.

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Points of View

When Webster Nods

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Speaking of words that are not in Webster's Dictionary, I recently read—in George Jean Nathan, maybe?—something about a "vulgar *blackout.*" I don't know what a *blackout* is, and Webster doesn't help me. And a few days ago a typewriter salesman mentioned "*élite*" type, but I don't find the word in Webster with a definition that fits. Everybody who has read of mining in the West has heard of "highgraders" and "highgrading." But I had occasion to discuss the exact meaning of the word, and again, no help. Really, one would think the good dictionaries might follow more closely on the heels of usage.

S. G. MORLEY.
University of California.

Sinclair Lewis

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am now at work on a complete bibliography of the writings of Sinclair Lewis to be published by the Fountain Press. The work is being done under the supervision of Mr. Lewis. It will include data on contributions as early as 1903.

I should appreciate any aid from collectors and students of Lewis writings.

HARVEY TAYLOR.
59 West 46th Street,
New York City.

Amende Honorable

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Your readers who perhaps noted Mr. Frederick J. Pohl's letter to you last spring in regard to two errors in my book, the "Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson," will please accept this tardy acknowledgment of my errors and his correction. Will other readers who have either suggestions concerning traces of new material on this subject, or (unhappily) other errors to point out, be so good as to write to me care of my publisher, Alfred Knopf, 730 Fifth Ave., New York City?

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Professional Reviewers

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

According to the discussion you printed some months ago, your readers were quite stirred up over the subject of anonymous reviewing. On this subject there is much to be said one way and the other, of course, and personally I am against anonymous reviewing. But I have another point to discuss on the subject of reviewing, which is somewhat removed from the problem of anonymity. In one of last winter's issues (February 21) you published a whole page list of your reviewers. I was surprised to find that you had such a large roll call, and your enterprise in getting the critical potentials of all these minds is to be highly commended. But I notice that most of your critics are authors. Now to come to my point immediately, I wish to put forward the postulate that authors should not be critics—musical critics and artistic critics are not musicians and artists.

Criticism requires and implies other qualities from those demanded by authorship. The author's job is one of literary construction, and he employs a certain technique, and he is supposed to deliver to the public something that will stand up against the stress and strains of intelligent examination. A literary work is a work of art—or should be; it involves both form and content. Its subject is really immaterial, in fact this may be almost anything within the whole range of human understanding, with even a good deal of leeway into the realms of things that are not understandable. What a man may write about is not for us to decide, or even to question; we only demand that he is competent to deal with his subject. But on the questions of form or the manner of presentation of the subject we may have a good deal to say. Also on the matter of content, or the interpretation of his subject, we may add a few ideas of our own. But if an author is selected to criticize another author we have a different state of affairs. Criticism is also an art, but it is an art that is far different from that of literary construction; its art is not literary, but critical. A man who writes a book is no fit critic for another book on the same subject written by someone else. And this is just what happens when the author-writer is selected also as the critical-writer. The author may be perfectly competent to give us criticisms on the subjects, but within his own subject he is generally useless.

I am speaking now of the criticism of literary works, not technical works whose literary qualities are of secondary importance. When an author-critic reviews a book, the chances are that he simply compares it with his own work in this same field, and while this comparison may be useful and interesting to himself, it is of little value to the reader, who is seeking for an impartial opinion of the book on its own merits. All authors are egotists; if they were not they would not be authors. For a man has to think pretty well of himself and of his writings in order to bring them to the issue of being published and thus forcing them upon the attention of a wide public. Why should this public be interested in what I have to say unless what I have to say is something more than the platitudes of everyday chatter, and unless I say it in a manner that is on a higher level than is the capacity of expression of the ordinary citizen?

The author, as a literary artist, is trying to do something that achieves mastery over temporality; that is to say, unlike the journalist and the columnist and the editorial writer whose work dies with yesterday's newspaper or magazine, the literary author believes that he is making a work that has some lasting qualities; if he does not believe this rather strongly so that he is quite certain of it himself, he should throw his manuscript into the waste-basket and go back to selling neckties or rustling baggage on the railroad. Now it is the business of the reviewer to judge the book he is reviewing, not so much from the point of view of its opinions, if he is to find out if it has any art at all; if it has none, the reviewer is wasting his time writing a criticism on it; better put it in the list of "also published" and let it go at that. From the reader's point of view—and I may say that I am quite a faithful reader of book-reviews, hence my temerity in thus expressing my views on a rather complicated subject—we have little interest in the reviewer making a psychological analysis of the author's mind. The chief thing for the reviewer to tell us is: Is the book worth while? Wherein does it achieve its purpose and wherein does it fail? Has it sufficient literary quality to make its reading at all significant to my interest? In other words, are there any good reasons for my buying it? For books at the present time are expensive, and one of my chief reasons for reading a book review is to discover if I should set aside the necessary number of dollars from this week's household expenses and buy the book; or if even this is not always feasible, the reviewer should at least give me a sufficient "go" at the book in order to allow me to decide if I shall put in a reserve on it at the local library in the hope of getting a chance at it within the next six months.

We, as readers, read book reviews for advice on the standing of a book as a book, and we feel ourselves done out of our rights if instead we are served with a polemical essay disputing this, that, or the other point in the author's opinions. I would rather form my own opinion on this matter; in fact, that is frequently why, as a reader, I am interested in a book, because it presents some different opinion from another author. And so as a reader of book-reviews, I say, let us have reviews from the pens and minds of professional reviewers, and let the author-critic go hang.

J. MERRITT MATTHEWS.
San Diego, Calif.

"The Permanent Arts and Letters Committee of the League of Nations," says the *Manchester Guardian*, composed of well-known authors representing European, American, and Asiatic culture, and including Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. John Masefield, finished this year's session recently. Among the resolutions of the Committee was one drawing the attention of the International Educational Kinematographic Institute to the importance of securing the inclusion of an educational film in the programme of each kinematographic performance. Another resolution concerns the formation of an international bibliography, which has been requested by international writers, publishers, and librarians' organizations.

A move is being made to preserve Kingston House, Leatherhead, Surrey, where John Wesley preached his last sermon, in 1791. The Leatherhead Council propose to demolish the house, to make way for municipal offices, but it is hoped that it will be possible to use the building as it now stands.

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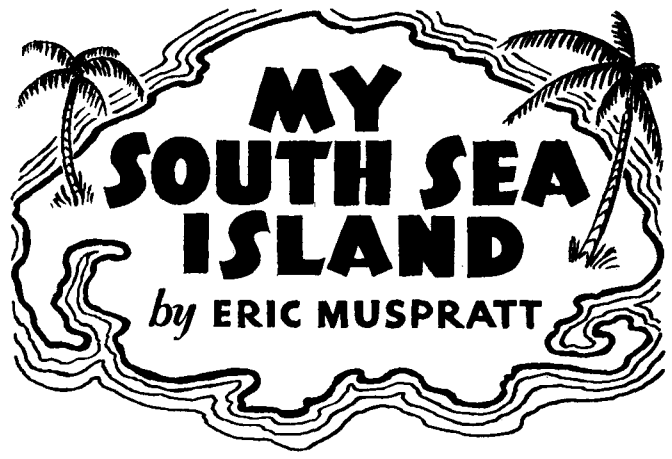

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply by mail.

S. S. J., New York, asks for a book on the Einstein theory.

"THE Universe: from Crystal Spheres to Relativity," by Frank Allen (Harcourt, Brace), has a brief explanation, in non-technical language, of the systems of Copernicus, Ptolemy, Pythagoras, Descartes, and Newton, leading to an explanation of the theory of relativity in words that a general reader should be able to understand. It is the best of the popular books about Einstein, because it presents essentials, relates them to previous concepts, and does not fictionize. The book began as a lecture in the University of Manitoba, so enthusiastically received that its printing was indicated.

K. H. M., Philadelphia, suggests for the list on historic Ohio a book I named for the student of pioneer life, in a later issue of the Guide: "Do add 'Early Days in Ohio,'" she says, "a story of a pioneer family (Dutton); from Vermont to the settlement that was to be the city of Cleveland travelled the Clark family, father, mother, and three children. They all help to build the log cabin, make soap and maple sugar, hunt, and trade with the Indians. The first school is epoch-making and the coming of the first preacher an event of importance. It has strong local appeal, but the story of the children's fun and work is so naturally told that it interests children in other parts of the country." *L. S., Claremont, Calif.,* wishes me to add to the reply to *H. G. Y.* in the July 4 issue a German book to which his attention has been called by a friend in Berlin, a commentary on America called "Kleine Liebe zu Amerika," published in 1930. *The Newark Public Library, Newark N. J.,* has sent out a reading-list called "What Will You Read This Summer?" which seems to touch about every sort of reading matter likely to be taken to the country or enjoyed at home during the hot weather; it is to help in the choice of the ten books its readers may keep out on a summer card from June to October, but anyone would find it interesting. Better send an addressed envelope for one.

H. L. M., Charlotte, N. C., asks for books that discuss the revolutionary spirit in Russian literature. "Voices of October," published not long ago by the Vanguard Press, outlines the course of Soviet art and literature from the outbreak of the Revolution to the present time. It is valuable both for information on moving pictures, literature, and music, and for its treatment of these as indications of the intrinsic nature of contemporary Russian life. A valuable book for the period before Lenin is M. Olgin's "The Soul of the Russian Revolution" (Holt); this is now out of print, but many libraries have it.

L. A. E., Penn Yan, N. Y., asks for books about the Medici. She says G. F. Young's interesting conclusions on the family and on Catherine de'Medici in particular "differ so much from the generally accepted ones yet seem to have good foundation." To begin with, Young's "The Medici" is now one of the prize bargains of the Modern Library; this is the only book I know—in English at least—to trace the full course of the family fortunes. The finest biography of a single member of the family is Paul Van Dyke's "Catherine de'Medici" (Scribner) which certainly does upset some of the conclusions about her, in a manner both scholarly and ingratiating, Catherine also appears in "The Enchantress," by Helen Henderson (Houghton Mifflin), an admirable biographical study of Diane de Poitiers. The most recent additions to the family's literature are David Loth's "Lorenzo the Magnificent" (Brentano), a biography, and a novel by John Oxenham, "The Hawk of Como" (Longmans, Green), whose hero is Gian Giacomo who held the castle of Como in medieval times; this romance has reliable biographical detail. Edward Armstrong's "Lorenzo de Medici" (Putnam) is one of the favorite series of Heroes of the Nations. Small, Maynard published Brinton's "Golden Age of the Medici; 1434 to 1494." Cécily Booth's "Cosimo I, Duke of Florence" (Macmillan) is a massive work, an importation.

E. S. N. D., Chester, Nova Scotia, is especially interested in gourds and their use in different countries, and says that "as the bulletin of the Metropolitan gave the matter some prominence two years ago, I am sure *you* will know something." But one of the features of this department endearing it to its clients is that it doesn't always know something, and in this case it knows no more than it has been able to wring from encyclopedias and dictionaries. From the Century Dictionary, for instance, I learn that there were dice called—in Shakespeare's day and earlier—gourds, because the crapshooter of the period hollowed them out and banefully adjusted their balance. But this is not much for an inquiring mind. *L. B., Columbus, O., asks how to pronounce Agnes Repplier's last name,* saying that "*Time* added a note to its review of 'Mère Marie of the Ursulines' to the effect that it was pronounced to rhyme with play, and I had always heard *Rep-leer.*" I wrote to Miss Repplier at once, and she replied "We pronounce the name in two syllables, as *Rep*-pleer, with the accent on the first. L. B. goes on "For a long while I have been wanting to ask you about the pronunciation of *ate.* I know the Oxford Dictionary gives *et,* and Fowler tells us to say *et.* But do really well-educated English people pronounce it thus? It does seem too queer." On general principles, when Fowler tells you to say something, just you say it; it saves time. In this case, it will not make you popular in your own land; I am told that a writer stating in print that a certain popular politician said *et* was violently scolded, in letters to the papers, for aspersions on their hero's parts of speech. After all, you have but to keep on saying *ate* even in the teeth of Mr. Fowler, long enough, and the sound will shift, pronunciation being like that. Who now makes tea rhyme with play, as George Washington did? And at the recent gladiolus show solemn announcement was made that after years of struggling against the grain to say glad-*eye*—oh-lus, accent had officially reverted to the penultimate. Why, even in Mr. Fowler's own country there is a certain uncertainty on the sound of that machine into which you drop twopence for enough hot water for a bath. When one of these was lately the subject of litigation at King's Bench, says the London *Morning Post:* "When counsel and a witness pronounced geyser differently, Mr. Justice Hawke said: "Guyser, geezer, or gazer? In the course of a fairly long life I have heard it called all three." *J. S. C., Rockport, Mass.,* a distant relative of Frances Pope Humphrey, whose "Children of Old Park's Tavern" has been lately under discussion here, writes that as a child Frances Pope lived in the house there described, which used to be a tavern, near Plymouth, Mass.; her later years were spent at Stratford-on-Avon.

R. G., Auburn, N. Y., is interested in books about Java and thereabouts, especially the island of Bali. Hickman Powell's "The Last Paradise" (Cape Smith) is one of those travel books that provide literary escape. It is about the island of Bali; you come to believe that life there is even more desirable than in Stuart Chase's Mexico; you have also drawings by Alexander King, and photographs to prove that there is really such a place. Then there is "Cross Roads of the Java Sea," by Hendrik de Leeuw (Cape-Smith), in which a learned and restless Dutchman makes his way about Borneo, Java, Celebes, Sumatra, and Bali, seeing all sorts of strange and marvellous things. This has a bibliography, a very learned one; the book itself is for anyone interested in this part of the world. Hubert Banner's "Romantic Java" (Lippincott) is a large, carefully illustrated volume on life and customs, art and history of "a little known island, remarkable for its arts, decorative and dramatic, and for its natural beauty and the richness of its resources." "In Java," by J. C. Van Dyke (Scribner), is a set of travel sketches of the islands of the Dutch East Indies, brief, vivid, and stimulating. And so much of Java came to the present Colonial Exposition at Paris that its handbook should be included.

"Love at Sea," by Melis Stoke (Dutton), is a recently published novel describing passage to Java on a Dutch steamship with the usual tropical ship's company; it tells its story through a series of spoken thoughts on the part of the various passengers. But the novel that nailed down this part of the world in my mind was "Old People and Things that Pass," by Louis Couperus (Dodd, Mead), one of the world's most nerve-racking thrillers, for its thrills are sinister as well as masterly.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received

Belles Lettres

POETRY IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND. By *Jean Stewart*. Harcourt, Brace.

A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF THE BEOWULF AND THE ÆNEID. By *Tom Burns Haber*. Princeton University Press. $4.

A PREFACE TO MORALS. By *Walter Lippmann*. Macmillan. $1.

WHEN THE SWANS FLY HIGH. By *F. W. Boreham*. Abingdon. $1.75.

Biography

THE STORY OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH. By *Anne Ring*. Dutton. $2.

NEWSPAPER DAYS. By *Theodore Dreiser*. Liveright. $5.

THE LIVES OF THE TWELVE CÆSARS. By *Suetonius*. Modern Library. 95c.

RAINER MARIA RILKE. By *Federico Olivero*. Cambridge, Eng.: Heffer.

HENRY CHARLES LEA. By *Henry Sculley Bradley*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $5.

FOLKWAYS IN THOMAS HARDY. By *Ruth A. Firor*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.

THROUGH FOUR AMERICAN WARS. By *General William H. Bisbee*. Meador.

Fiction

GIVE HIM THE EARTH. By RUPERT CROFT-COKE. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

At first we are led to believe that Mr. Croft-Cooke is primarily interested in developing a contrast between the pleasant, warm life of Argentina and the dull, cramped ways of Greycaster, an English provincial city. Mary, who had gone out to Argentina, borne a son, and been widowed, at the beginning of the novel is returning to England with the now adolescent boy, Bruce. Many of the succeeding pages are devoted to the discomforts and disillusionments of Mary and Bruce in Greycaster. But about halfway through the novel the author's notion of contrasting the two civilizations goes up the chimney, and the rest is a mixed, rather aimless narrative, too near melodrama to be matched properly with the earlier chapters. Bruce's progress towards an incestuous relationship with his half-sister, and Mary's attempted suicide seem situations particularly false to what Mr. Croft-Cooke apparently intended as the tone of the novel.

But while we are reading we have our rewards. Mr. Croft-Cooke writes pleasantly and with an intelligent eye for the significant small things of life. He can be humorous or satirical or bitter and lead us along with him. Through his eyes we sense vividly the sun of South America, the grayness of England; very likely the contrast is too sharp, but at any rate it is persuasive. In his minor characters he has his real triumphs: Aunt Pittery is a memorable figure, and hardly less skilful are Mouse, Tito, Aunt Eileen, Arthur Groom, and Mr. Edgar Ffoffel. It is a pity that the two central figures, Mary and Bruce, do not have sharper definition; and furthermore, they lack momentum and direction. Probably Mr. Croft-Cooke will be much more sure of himself in succeeding novels than in this, his first; it is reassuring to perceive that his qualities of mind and heart are those of the proper novelist.

THE IRISH BEAUTIES. By E. BARRINGTON (L. ADAMS BECK). Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.50.

The Misses Eizabeth and Maria Gunning are the central figures in this historical novel. The Gunnings were the impecunious young ladies who in the mid-eighteenth century came from Ireland to conquer London, and who remained to make for themselves fantastically successful marriages and subsequent social careers. E. Barrington follows respectfully the historical facts, except, perhaps, in the black and white contrast that she draws between the merits of Elizabeth and the faults of Maria. Horace Walpole appears frequently in the novel, and much is made of his Strawberry Hill.

Though the rise of the Gunnings does not provide the most usable material for a novel, E. Barrington has managed to create a certain amount of suspense and has built up a moderately effective historical background. The tone and the manner of the narrative are surprisingly ingenuous, however, and not particularly beguiling to the discriminating reader of today.

DORETTE: A Post-War Romance of the Land of the Troubadours. By ANDRÉ LAMANDÉ. Translated from the French by A. A. DANFORTH. Boston: Vinal. 1931. $2.

A young French soldier stationed at Coblentz marries a German girl, and, in spite of his father's opposition, takes her back to his home in southern France. Naturally there is friction and jealousy in the old home, but things eventually right themselves. All is apparently going to end happily when suddenly M. Lamandé has the German girl's husband and only child killed off in an automobile accident. This reversal of fortune is so thoroughly pointless as to be annoying to the reader. Up to that time, the tale has been pleasant enough and enlivened by a few interesting characters. Unfortunately, the translation is downright incompetent, often slipping over the border into unconscious humor.

DERMOTTS RAMPANT. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.50.

It is an unfortunate truth that a novelist's interest in his subject often outlasts that of the reader. This is the case in Stephen McKenna's latest work. The plan of "Dermotts Rampant" is obvious. The book aims to tell the story of two families who in the course of four generations exchange positions. The Dermotts fled Ireland in the time of the Great Famine. They settled in England with neither a penny nor a good word to bless their name. At the same period the Fletchers enjoyed estates and prestige and titles. By the time the story reaches the present day the Dermotts are wealthy and powerful and have entered the peerage, while the Fletchers have lost almost everything but their consciousness of innate superiority. The feud between the families, standing as they do for opposed ideals, furnishes the Montagu-Capulet twist for the love between a Dermott son and a Fletcher daughter. But the story trails slowly after the social theories of the author, and few of the characters awaken out of their roles as examples of types and trends. The book has, of course, many of the sure touches inevitable in a novel by Mr. McKenna, but these do not predominate.

THURSDAY APRIL. By ALBERTA PIERSON HANNUM. Harpers. 1931. $2.50.

The mountain people of the South, with their highly individualized and indigenous folkways and the picturesque quality of their speech, present a fertile field for the activities of the novelist. But they present, also, a temptation. It is easy, in writing of these simple, out-of-the-world, close-to-the-earth people to fall into the sentimental or the too dramatic attitude. They are different enough, strange enough to be out of range of ordinary standards of realism, with the result that their portrayers are prone to run a little and a little too low in the emotional scale.

Alberta Pierson Hannum, in her story of the diminutive, spirited Thursday April Duly, has for the most part avoided the obvious pitfalls of the field, but she has in several places and in the end trod dangerously close to them. Thursday April, with a deep love of the beautiful and the unmaterial goods of life, is the wife of an upright and thrifty, but narrow and unresponsive, husband. She is the mother of eleven children, and poverty closes around her as formidably as the mountains. Her daily fight to bring a little love and loveliness into the family life forms the backbone of the novel, but the casual doings of the little community, the colorful secondary characters introduced, and the rich folk quality of the book are what make it, slight though it is, a regional canvass that many will enjoy.

A WOMAN, 49. By FRANCIS WALTON. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.50.

Understatement and indirection have their place in writing, but Mr. Walton has overdone them; and when he tries to make himself fully explicit he becomes entangled in long and involved sentences that put too great a burden on the reader. His woman of forty-nine has been a legend, an institution, ever since her wedding night twenty-seven years ago when she murdered her husband. He had been, it would seem, a lusty specimen of the last Wild West days of a California city about to turn respectable; and the lethal bullets pumped into him by his wife had set off the coup d'état by which respectability triumphed over the frontier.

But after twenty-seven years that triumph of the cause of right was ancient history, people had forgotten the issue, and were beginning to be bored with the woman who embodied it; and Julia Gentle, who had been an institution all her life, tried to become a person, and discovered that she did not know how. To make a reader sit up

(*Continued on next page*)

Notable New Scribner Books

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As a Jew Sees Jesus
by Ernest R. Trattner
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Here a prominent rabbi breaks the strange silence that has caused so much conjecture among Christians and dramatically sums up the attitude of his own race toward Jesus.
228 *pages.* $2.00

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by Leo V. Jacks
author of "Xenophon: Soldier of Fortune," etc.

The life story of the gallant and adventurous Frenchman who explored the Mississippi Valley and perished at the hands of his own men, with a fine reconstruction of those times. $3.00

The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones
by Conrad Aiken
author of "John Deth," etc.

In this extraordinary poem, a bold adventure in a new technic, Mr. Aiken describes the passage out of nothingness into the light of day and back into nothingness of a typical life. In the Egyptian Book of the Dead the deceased is always referred to as "Osiris." $2.00

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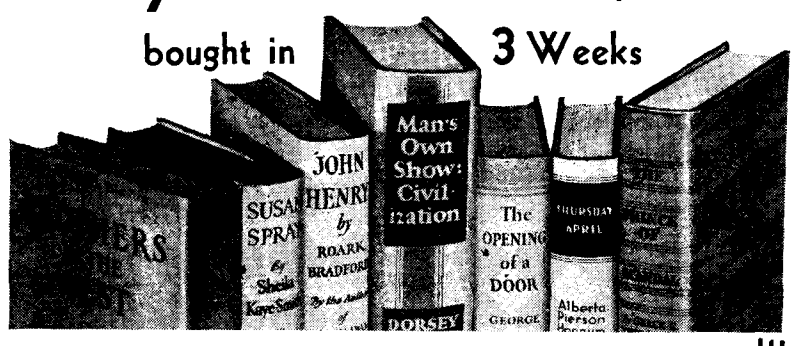

Brothers in the West by Robert Raynolds

The Harper Prize Novel. "A richly human, deeply emotional novel of the lives of two brothers on the Western prairies in the days when the first steps were taken by white men to start communities in the wilderness."
—HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*. $2.50

Susan Spray by Sheila Kaye-Smith

"The most successful novel that Miss Kaye-Smith has written since 'Joanna Godden' and its central figure is to me a more interesting and exciting creation than Joanna herself"—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*. "The climax of Sheila Kaye-Smith's career"—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY in the Book-of-the-Month Club News. SEPTEMBER SELECTION OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB. $2.50

John Henry by Roark Bradford

"Beautifully done—a **genuine** translation of folk-lore into art," says The N. Y. World-Telegram **of this** story of a black Hercules by the author of *Ol' Man Adam an' his Chillun*. SEPTEMBER SELECTION OF LITERARY GUILD. *25 wood-cuts by J. J. Lankes* $2.50

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The Opening of a Door by George Davis

"Worthy to rank with the best of its time. Here, from amid the multiplicity of new novels, is one to buy, to experience, and to preserve. With its appearance a new American novelist of importance swims into our ken."—*N. Y. Times*. $2.50

Thursday April by Alberta Pierson Hannum

"An enchanting story of simple and curiously intense mountain folk, filled with rich idiom and trenchant phrases, startling for its poetic magic. A rich tale"—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. $2.50

The Prince of Scandal by Grace E. Thompson

A delightfully outspoken picture of George IV, his amours and his mistresses. "It is an almost unbelievable tale."—*The Outlook*. "Such impertinence in forcing the muse of history to curtesy to the witch of tattle is enjoyable and rousing."
—LAURENCE STALLINGS. $4.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

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CROSSING the Dotted Line . . . the old Spanish Main custom . . . when the traveller on the Deep Seas of Literature crosses the equator and becomes a Subscriber . . . and the Old Salts give him the shellback shampoo. Henceforward he is an Able Sailor. He can reef and steer; he can splice the Harcourt Brace; he can round Jonathan Cape. In the roughest of literary weather, even among the sargasso and tide-rips of squally criticism, he can hold a steady course in the seaworthy windjammer *Saturday Review*.

Our favorite staff artist has done this little drawing for us; perhaps we should explain the symbolism. Neptune and his hardy bosuns who wait to hail the bashful recruit are surely recognizable . . . Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Edgar Poe, and the best-natured of Editors . . . to whom we dare not show this advt beforehand lest he be dismayed. Walt is sitting on the bound volumes of the *Saturday Review* . . . there should be seven of them, but the weather has been so hot, the artist forgot. The hawser represents the Dotted Line; more about that in a moment. The two cherubs typify the sprightly and affectionate Bookseller and Publisher. In the coiled slack of the hawser nests the Ardent Phoenix, our chosen emblem, frantic with ignes fatui.

And those persuasive undines are Fiscal Mermaids. There are three One-Dollar Mermaids and one little Fifty Cent Mermaid. How graciously they cajole the pleased and startled patron. What big come-on eyes has the Mermaid who holds the quill. Just one dip, she seems to say, and it's over . . . You've Crossed the Dotted Line . . .

If you think this fresco is undignified, you are probably right. Blame it on old P. E. G. Quercus, the amateur ideologue. It was his idea, while the Business Manager was on a vacation, and the Trade was muttering about Summer Complaint. It's old Quercus's first attempt at Insinuation. He was disgruntled when a Publisher told him that advertising never helps books . . . Quod erat Disprobandum.

STEADY NOW, HERE'S THE DOTTED LINE.

(Before you seal the envelope, are you sure you enclosed the Mermaids?)

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Yours

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

late at night over that story would require skill of a very high order; which Mr. Walton, for all that he seems to have more brains than most novelists, does not possess. His people move in a mist; you hear about what they do, what they are, but you can never quite visualize them, or care much about their fortunes.

BEGINNERS' LUCK. By EMILY HAHN. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $2.

Emily Hahn established the fact that she can write very well in her first amusing book, "Seductio ad Absurdum," but she also left a slightly disquieting doubt in the readers' mind. She looks at life with a good deal more irony than pity, and the irony that lies obviously on the surface of life seems to content her as well as the deeper and more underlying variety which Anatole France had in mind when he created that touchstone which has done such good service for all readers and writers of words. In "Beginners' Luck" the characters are so trivial both in themselves and in their significance that it is extremely hard to care whether or not fate gives them what they would call "the breaks." The principal figure is that of a sixteen-year-old boy who arrives in Santa Fe after having been at a preparatory school. He falls in with a young girl who tells tired tourists what they want to know about the New Mexican country. A third companion is a young painter whose lack of perspective equals that of the other two. The three form an offensive alliance and start for Mexico and freedom. The backgrounds of the story are vivid, the conversations are in the modern realistic manner, and the characters are convincing in the sense that they seem alive, —but the material and people both fall short of justifying their claim to having a whole novel devoted to them.

THE DEVIL'S LOTTERY. By NALBRO BARTLEY. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

By a wholly implausible series of coincidences, Mrs. Bartley assembles on a westbound North Atlantic liner the six major winners in a Calcutta sweepstakes. During the voyage these six are chiefly occupied with trying to ascertain who loves whom. In New York the game is concluded on an unexpected and unconvincing note of misfortune. What might have been a gay fantasy turns out to be a dull, moralizing novel, with Mrs. Bartley attempting seriously to develop the thesis that money won in a lottery is bound to work evil. The female protagonist, ostensibly noble and high-minded, utters page after page of pseudo-philosophical nonsense; the rest of the characters are cut to stock patterns. All the way through, this is a weak little novel, quite without power to entertain or to persuade.

GOLDEN REMEDY. By REX STOUT. Vanguard Press. 1931. $2.50.

Mr. Rex Stout is a typical American novelist; which is to say that he has a good deal of stuff and very little idea of what to do with it. He is expert in describing the mechanics of copulation; but it seems to escape his notice that the average customer has had some personal experience of such matters, and that a three-hundred-page novel containing practically nothing else is about as appetizing as an eight-course dinner consisting solely of salad dressing.

This is the story of Marvin Tasker, director of an artists' bureau (Mr. Stout could evidently have written a very amusing novel about the music business, if he had been so minded) who never could say no to a woman. Unfortunately he regarded what women gave him as vile and loathsome, even when the woman was his wife whom he loved; but he kept on going after it none-the-less. And what of it, what of it? In the thirty-odd years the story covers, did our hero never spend an afternoon alone at a ball park, or an evening at a stag poker game? It would have varied the monotony.

WE ACTOR FOLKS. By *Mary Asquith*. White Square Press. $2.

APACHE. By *Will Levington Comfort*. Dutton. $2.

SANINE. By *Michael Artzibashev*. Modern Library. 95c.

FEAR. By *John Rathbone Oliver*. Macmillan. $1.

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS. By *Donn Byrne*. Century. $2.

BARBWIRE. By *Walt Coburn*. Century. $2.

HOUSE WITH THE MAGNOLIAS. By *Ralph Arnold*. Dial. $2.50.

A MODERN MAGDALEN. By *Vahdah J. Bordeux*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.

BOUND IN SHALLOWS. By *Mario Tello Phillips*. London: Mitre Press.

YOUNG AND HEALTHY. By *Donald Henderson Clarke*. Vanguard. $2.

THE KINSMEN KNOW HOW TO DIE. By *Sophie Botcharsky* and *Florida Pier*. Morrow. $3.

History

THE INQUISITION. By A. HYATT VERRILL. Appleton. 1931. $3.

Probably no conceivable treatment of the history of the Inquisition could commend itself to all tastes or be accepted as rigidly impartial by all the adherents of the Christian creeds. Yet in this book Hyatt Verrill, an experienced publicist, boldly faces the problem. In his popularization of the verdict of modern historians he writes a narrative which is marked everywhere, or nearly everywhere, by a sincere desire to present an objective study of the terrific system which has become for many Protestants a symbol of the religious bigotry and intolerance of the Catholic Church. He states in his introduction that he is not a Catholic.

His basic principle of historical criticism is that we must look at the Inquisition from the medieval viewpoint, seeing it objectively in the social conditions amid which it flourished. We must consider it as operating during a great transitional period in history. He himself, thus regarding it, finds the Inquisition to have been something that saved the precious heritage of civilization. Without some such conserving mechanism, Europe would have become a hotbed of the most repulsive and horrible forms of religion. Without the medieval Inquisition, he says, the civilized world would have been deluged with a flood of every form of vice and immorality. He points out that the number of heretics condemned by the Inquisitors was but a drop in the bucket compared with those put to death for other crimes.

His second principle concerns the psychology of medieval intolerance. Studies of the Inquisition are too often vitiated by the effort to read into the medieval mentality a humanitarianism which is peculiarly the possession of the modern mind. He tells us that less than a hundred years ago a nine-year-old child was hanged in England for breaking a pane of glass and stealing a two-penny loaf of bread. He reminds us of the fanatical cruelty of the Salem witchcraft trials. Speaking of the Puritans of New England, he hazards the guess that, had they possessed the Inquisition, they would have employed it with the utmost glee against the Quakers, Catholics, and others who were victims of their religious zeal.

He does not minimize the actual horrors of the terrible system. But his viewpoint is scientific, in the main, although he is not of the retinue of scholars like Lea, Acton, Baumgarten, Creighton Turberville, de Cauzons, or Vacandard. His book is moderate and fair-minded in tone, two qualities which should commend it to the hurried readers of our busy day.

Miscellaneous

THE BOOK OF THE FLY-ROD. Edited by HUGH SHERINGHAM and JOHN C. MOORE. Illustrated by GEORGE SHERINGHAM. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $15.

"There will always be new writers on angling, and they will always be good, since it is almost beyond the power of anyone who wishes to write about it at all to write badly about this sport, which is more properly called a vocation." So writes Mr. Guy Pollock, who contributes a foreword to this handsome volume in memory of its original editor, H. T. Sheringham, whose death in December, 1930, left the completion of the book to Mr. Moore.

There are times when any true angler would blindly endorse this statement—those moments in the dull winter season when any discussion of the sacred art however hackneyed, becomes a welcome relief to the peculiarly acute form of nostalgia from which he regularly suffers.

None-the-less there is in angling literature as elsewhere a sharp distinction between the good and the mediocre. One may accept the less critically Mr. Pollock's sporting gesture to his fellow craftsmen of pen and fly-rod because the book he thus introduces belongs distinctly to the aristocracy in its field in both matter and form.

Its contributors include Henry Van Dyke, G. E. M. Skues, Ferris Greenslet, Knut Dahl, W. L. Calderwood, Arthur Ransome, and some nine others, and the book ranges over the fish, the stream, the tackle, and the technique of most of the countries of the earth where the art is pursued. No angler can fail to enjoy these graceful and informing essays, and even the angler's wife will appreciate Mr. George Sheringham's charming illustrations — surely a safe mutual Christmas present for the family.

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Bibliographical Adventure

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SIR WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT, with bibliographical adventures in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. By TOWNLEY SEARLE. London: The Author (30, Gerrard St., W.1). 1931.

MR. SEARLE'S "Bibliographical Adventure" is so much a record of his own personal collection of Sir William Schwenck Gilbert and of his various excursions to the Lord Chamberlain's cellar and Mr. Spencer's bookshop that it often forgets to be bibliography. There is a great sense of intimacy about it all, as if the reader had been taken unexpectedly into Mr. Searle's confidence: clearness of arrangement and care in proof-reading have been discarded entirely, and as a result, the book suggests a home-made product printed at the local newspaper office, and illustrated with colored pictures by the younger children of the family. It is true that W. S. Gilbert is a difficult subject —he insisted upon publishing his plays as soon as they were produced, and since many of them were revised almost immediately after their first performance, his bibliography is particularly complicated. But even in the description of the "Bab Ballads," a reasonably simple book, Mr. Searle is vague and far more interested in his own possessions—"The second edition is often found bound in similar cloth, but there are variations in the text, notably in the Preface, and the second issue was published by Routledge. For the 'uncollected' 'Bab Ballads' see pp.— * * * Such page references are usually left blank.) There are several variations in an edition, in pictorial boards, dated 1870. Apparently there was some delay in the issue of a later edition. I have a letter from Gilbert addressed to the printers, asking if there is 'any hitch in the publication? I have not received any proofs since the first batch which were sent to me over three months ago.' This letter is of particular interest as it is written on a very early typewriter in the square capital letters of the period." It is nice to hear about the typewriter, although its introduction seems rather odd. There are 109 entries—these include published plays and poems, songs issued separately, eight unpublished manuscripts in the Lord Chamberlain's vaults, magazine contributions, a birthday-book, and an introduction. The next section lists privately printed and advance proof copies to Mr. Searle's collection: it is followed by Souvenir programmes, Books illustrated by W. S. G., the "lost" (in other words, uncollected) "Bab Ballads," Musical publications and illustrated title-pages, Books about Gilbert (which are given, incidentally, without adequate identification), more Contributions to magazines and annuals, Fugitive contributions about Gilbert, Miscellanea collectanea, and Notes on rarity and value of first editions. Mr. Searle has spent ten years working over this bibliography, and his information is extensive: it is not to be wondered at that he seems at times to have lost the power of selection. There is, for example, an extended account of his visits to the Lord Chamberlain's "dust-bins," how he looked when he came out, and how his wife finally gave him a brief-case for soap and towels which he eventually lost. There are several warm appreciations of Mr. Spencer as a bookseller which will, of course, delight his admirers, but will add nothing to anyone's bibliographical information concerning W. S. Gilbert. Such attempts to combine personal reminiscences with details of book-production, while they may be courageous, are always rather unsatisfactory: bibliographies, after all, are supposed to be fairly serious, and the appropriateness of introducing various touches of gaiety, indicated by the use of frequent exclamation-points, can easily be questioned. It is a pity Mr. Searle did not call his book a catalogue of his own collection—in that case, he might have, with more success, achieved his purpose. G. M. T.

The "Anatomy"

BIBLIOGRAPHIA BURTONIANA: A Study of ROBERT BURTON'S "The Anatomy of Melancholy." By PAUL JORDAN-SMITH. Palo Alto: Stanford University Press. 1931. $3.50.

IN spite of his obvious efforts to give every appearance of authority to his book, Mr. Paul Jordan-Smith has only succeeded in producing a work that is, at best, unsatisfactory. After an opening chapter devoted to the reasons for taking "The Anatomy of Melancholy" to a desert island, in case one wanted to go to such a place, Mr. Jordan-Smith goes on to study the sources from which Burton derived his quotations and much of his information; in other words, he makes lists of authors' names and adds short explatory notes, found apparently in "just the right biographical dictionaries"—the substances would be suitable for "some spinner of a brain-fagging Doctor's thesis": the manner is apparently, Mr. Jordan-Smith's approximation of Robert Burton's style. "But did I not set out, in the beginning of this overgrown catalogue-essay, to prove that Burton's is the book par excellence for a desert island? and did I not say that such a book must needs be catholic, encyclopedic? Then, have I not, gentle and long-suffering reader, proved my case? But have I, in the meantime, been so occupied in accounting for some of the sources of Burton's quotations that I have not strengthened the old notion that 'The Anatomy' is a mere hodge-podge of borrowing? If so, I have failed." Writing of this kind is too unneccessarily quaint: it fulfils no purpose, and merely causes irritation. Next, with all the energy of a doctoral dissertation, Mr. Jordan-Smith proceeds to knock down, one by one, the figures of the Baconian group who, writing between 1888 and 1915 (Mr. Ignanatius Donnelly's "The Great Cryptogram" was published in 1888, and James Phinney Baxter's "The Greatest of Literary Problems," in 1915), seemed happily to have been forgotten by this time. Finally, the bibliography appears with this disconcerting introduction: "Here, I believe, is the first attempt at a complete Burton Bibliography. I believe that it is, in the main, accurate. But I wish to point out the fact that, in respect to one feature, there may be some confusion. In calling attention to errors of pagination I have been aware that they do not uniformly appear; copies of the same edition differ in this respect owing, no doubt, to the fact that too many printers spoiled the pagination. Let not the collector rend his garments too soon. If the title-page is correct, if the signatures and the principal 'points' are as I have noted, he may be assured. Neither should the collector be over-mindful respecting the punctuation visible on the engraved title-pages: sometimes a comma has lost its tail; often the punctuation mark has been obliterated altogether. The bibliographer cannot vouch for too nice an accuracy on this point. Let the Burtonian remember that each edition down to, and including, the sixth is, owing to Burton's numerous corrections, really a first edition, and then he will realize the importance of this bibliography." There is nothing modest about these statements, nothing that encourages anyone to inquire just why implicit belief is to be given a bibliographer who declines to accept the full responsibility his work places upon him. "The bibliographer cannot vouch for too nice an accuracy on this point"—it is fortunate such a sentence has not been generally adopted as a motto by other bibliographers. Mr. Jordan-Smith appears to have made his collations carefully and to have examined as many copies of Burton as possible: but along with his self-assurance there goes a reasonable suspicion of his work that will always trouble even the simplest-minded collector or cataloguer. G. M. T.

"John Dryden, who was born 300 years ago this month, was not only the greatest man of letters of his time," says *John o' London's Weekly*; "English literature has produced none, in any age, with more varied gifts. He was a poet, a dramatist, an essayist, a satirist, and a translator of the classics, and in his own day, and for long afterwards, he held a position of equal importance in each of these fields. Pope said he could select from Dryden's works better specimens of every mode of poetry than any other English writer could supply, and declared that his translations from Virgil were 'the most noble and spirited I know in any language.' Dr. Johnson called him the father of English criticism."

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FRANK HARRIS: 1856-1931

While your correspondents were reading page proofs of his latest book, there came a cablegram from Nice announcing that FRANK HARRIS had died early that morning in his sleep.

His final work, completed several weeks before his death, was a biography of his life-long friend, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

And his final words might well have been those of WILLIAM HAZLITT: "I've had a happy life." He knew everybody, discovered many of those in the first rank of modern English letters, and feared none. He had five heroes—SHAKESPEARE, CERVANTES, HEINE, WILD BILL HICOCK and FRANK HARRIS. He walked with kings and kept the uncommon touch.

FRANK HARRIS visited *The Inner Sanctum* in 1928, and your correspondents twice visited him in Nice. The art of criticism as he lived it, and the art of conversation as he practiced it were thrilling beyond words. To meet him was to know a titan.

Several friends of *The Inner Sanctum* have suggested a life of FRANK HARRIS. To those who knew him it will be no surprise to hear that his biography of G. B. S., like his famous books on SHAKESPEARE, WILDE, and his volumes of *Contemporary Portraits*, deals just as much with HARRIS as it does with SHAW. That is also true of the wealth of G. B. S. letters and memorabilia which embellish this informal, insolent and highly authoritative biography.

Conventional patterns could not hold the talent and the gusto of FRANK HARRIS. Here was a critic who adventured with genius—an adventurer who dared to live as he criticized.

—ESSANDESS.

The PHŒNIX NEST

GETTING back into harness is a difficult process, we find, complicated as it especially is by fall apartment-hunting. Every time we start to write a paragraph we begin to think, "But there's a fireplace in that one," and, "On the other hand the other one hasn't got a fire-escape across the bedroom window.". . .

Not to mention another complication. Though we had been following it in the *Saturday Evening Post* someone just put into our hands advance sheets of *Katharine Brush's* "Red-Headed Woman," in which we've now got to chapter sixteen—and it has eaten up half of our afternoon that was to be wholly devoted to coruscating for you all. To us, so far as we have got, the story gets cleverer and cleverer. We have never told Miss Brush that we never read her "Young Man of Manhattan," though we think a whale of a lot of her short stories and that she is one of the most entertaining dinner companions we know. But if the "Young Man" was as good a tale as "Red-Headed Woman," it must have been pretty swell. As a matter of fact we rather imagine that in the present novel she has taken what critics call "a stride." If it holds up to the end, it's going to be one of the novels we don't throw away when we move—and there are a lot we are going to throw away, believe you us or not. . . .

Another Farrar & Rinehart publication that kept us reading till we finished it at 1:30 the morning of the day of this writing was "Lowdown" by *Roy Chanslor*, another of those racketeer stories, just as hardboiled as they come. We are rather tired of the type of thing, but couldn't get away from the excitement of the narrative. This is certainly the hardboiled era. Even out in sunny California a nephew of ours recently introduced into the home circle a lurid magazine which turned out to be devoted entirely to one long true—or presumably true—story; and the title of it was, "Confessions of a Stool Pigeon." There was also the electrifying moment when we discovered that one of the angel-faced girls in their early 'teens who innocently adorned the large ranch where we were staying had been absorbed in a work of fiction called "The Dimpled Racketeer." Great heavens, what is the American family life coming to! . . . .

The *Eden Phillpotts* enthusiasts still continue to send us letters. By way of variety, however, we're going to print one that has only a glancing reference at him, and expends its praises on another writer. It's from *Lewis Browne*, whose "Since Calvary" Macmillan recently published. Mr. Browne writes:

Ficke is right: Eden Phillpotts is unmistakably a significant writer. But I'm not nearly so concerned about him as about certain young writers to whom neglect can do and has done far greater damage. Specifically I'm thinking of someone named *Meyer Levin*, whose recent novel, "Yehuda" (Cape & Smith), has moved me more than anything else I've read in years. It is set in what English readers will find a new and amazing, incredible, altogether bewildering, *milieu*: a communist colony of Zionist pioneers in Palestine. My wife and I have just returned from a few weeks' stay in the Valley of Esdraelon, where those colonies abound, and we have both been wondering how any writer could have been as successful as Mr. Levin in making words give the very smell and sound and taste and color of life there. It's sheer genius—or something very close to genius.

Read the book—if you haven't already done so. And do let your readers know of the book. They'll thank you. And posterity will, too—if you can help keep that book from becoming too rare for any save future collectors of first editions.

Did you know that *Cato* liked cheese cake—we can't remember whether it was Cato the Elder or Cato the Younger, but in *Grant Showerman's* "Rome and the Romans," (Macmillan) the recipe runs as follows: "Mash up two pounds of cheese, pour in a pound of corn meal, or a half pound of flour, and mix well with the cheese; add an egg and beat it well; pat into a cake; place on leaves under a dish on a hot hearthstone and bake slowly.". . .

Perhaps it's a little late now to direct the younger folk to a book that might aid their *wanderlust*, but anyway, they can study it up for next summer. They'd better write *John P. Crawford*, a student at Indiana University, which we gather is at Indianapolis, for his "Hiking to Hamburg *on $25*," which describes how to get a job on an ocean liner and the adventures of two college students about the docks of New York and trips to Miami, Florida and Hamburg, Germany. . . .

Somerset Maugham believes that an author should not publish anything until he is thirty. He also believes in a medical education and several years of wandering round the world with very little money as a good preparation for writing. . . . .

Donald S. Friede, vice-president of Covici, Friede, Inc., is leaving on November trip abroad. Mr. Friede, who has not visited Europe in three years, is making the trip for the purpose of establishing new contacts and especially in the hope of securing for his firm the works of promising young European authors who have not been published in this country. He will visit England, Germany, Russia, Italy, France, Spain, and the Scandinavian countries and expects to be gone the greater part of the year. . . .

Speaking of Scandinavia, *Martha Ostenso* returned from a hurried trip thither to spend the summer at her old home in Minneapolis. She is to visit the Pacific Coast before returning to New York. . . .

J. B. Priestley is taking over the weekly book column of the *London Evening Standard*, formerly conducted by the late *Arnold Bennett*. . . .

The recent deaths of *Frank Harris* and *Hall Caine* removed from English letters two notable figures. Around each, in different ways, floated an aura of sensationalism, and yet Harris occasionally achieved in his writing actual literature and Caine went straight to the heart of the great public. Another death, this time in the ranks of journalism, that came to us recently as the loss of a personal friend, was that of *Foster Ware* whose writing and editing in *The New York Evening Post* and *Life* became well known, and who was also associated with the publishing house of Duffield, now Duffield and Green.

And so, kind friends, we thank you!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

André Maurois

says of *Hotel du Nord*, a story of a little world on the banks of a Parisian canal: "His first novel has pleased me very much. Its story is unbelievably simple: the Lecouvreurs buy a run down hotel...Rooms rent for five francs. The bargemen and the truck-drivers frequent the hotel to drink. In the café they talk of politics and love. The older ones, at cards, sigh for the past. The women submit to the men; the men give them children; the children die; the mothers weep; other men come...All this is told ...with the skillful objectivity of the stories of Chekov...The result is a book that has grandeur. It is one of the best novels of the season." M. Maurois gives you a glimpse of these people that Eugène Dabit knows so well, but let the book tell you the rest. It was actually written at a hotel of this name, and it won for its author the distinguished *Prix du Roman Populiste* with its 5000-franc cup. Not a "Grand Hotel", this *Hotel du Nord*, but the characters are no less interesting.

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